

WARD LOCK'S RED GUIDE
WEST
CORNWALL
AND THE ISLES OF SCILLY



WARD LOCK'S RED GUIDE

One of a series of famous Guide Books renowned for their comprehensive, authoritative and accurate information. A full complement of the latest possible maps and plans is included.

Full appreciation of the facilities a resort can provide, an understanding of the story behind an historic building, or guidance on the excursions that may be taken, plays a most important part in the thorough enjoyment of a holiday.

With detailed information on such matters as accommodation, travel, entertainment and sport, descriptions of places of interest, excursions, drives and walks, a Red Guide is truly an indispensable companion for the visitor.



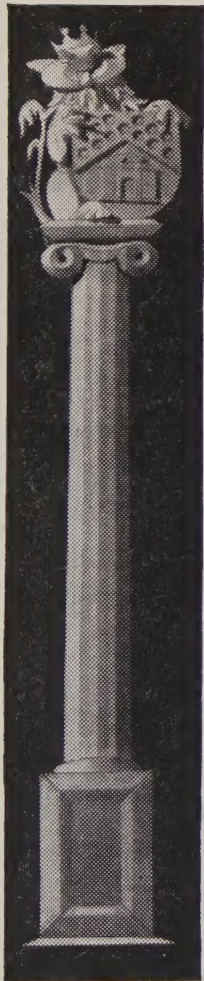


Taking a trip? — then take a tip!

Insure yourself and your
luggage for a fraction of
the total cost of the trip.

P H Œ N I X COMPANY PHŒNIX HOUSE LONDON		ASSURANCE LIMITED KING WILLIAM ST. E · C · 4
---	--	--

Branches and Agencies throughout the country



A cheque book can lighten your load

The financial side of life is a weighty problem for most of us; your cheque book, though, is the lighter part of that load. The National Provincial will be happy to give you sound help and advice in these matters—in the friendliest, most helpful way. Why not talk over your personal or business financial problems with the manager of your local National Provincial branch? He and his staff are there to make *your* problems *their* concern.

**National
Provincial**
for friendly service

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

FOR A CAREFREE HOLIDAY —

GO INSURED

For a very moderate cost you can insure against :

- **Loss of or Damage to your luggage**
- **Personal Accident**
- **Medical Expenses Abroad**
- **Loss of Deposits**

Ask us for details of this essential cover

**THE
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.**



Head Office:
1 Dale Street,
Liverpool 2

London:
(Chief Office)
1 Cornhill E.C.3

See Telephone Directory for your nearest Branch

— RED GUIDE —

WEST CORNWALL

ST. IVES PENZANCE
LAND'S END I'ZARD
AND THE
ISLES OF SCILLY

MAPS, PLANS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



Second Edition
1303

WARD. LOCK & CO., LIMITED
LONDON, MELBOURNE AND CAPE TOWN

MAPS AND PLANS

Penzance, St. Ives, and Land's End	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Plan of St. Ives	<i>page 22</i>
Plan of Penzance	<i>facing page 45</i>
The Lizard	<i>facing page 99</i>
The Isles of Scilly	<i>page 110</i>

CONTENTS

Introduction	<i>Page</i>
Railway and Road Routes—Camping and Caravanning—Hotels	<i>5</i>
The Toe of the Duchy	
Relics and Romances—Sports and Amusements—Climate—Mining—Geology—Cornish Ferns—The Cornish Language	<i>13</i>
ST. IVES	
General Information—St. Ives as a Holiday Resort—The Town—Historical Note	<i>23</i>
Carbis Bay	<i>32</i>
Walks from St. Ives and Carbis Bay:	
The Knill Monument	<i>34</i>
Clodgy Point	<i>35</i>
Lelant	<i>35</i>
Trencrom Hill	<i>37</i>
Zennor and Gurnard's Head	<i>38</i>
St. Erth	<i>42</i>
Phillack and Gwithian	<i>43</i>
PENZANCE	
General Information—The Story of Penzance—Round and about the Town	<i>45</i>
Newlyn	<i>58</i>
Mount's Bay	
Marazion—St. Michael's Mount—Perranuthnoe—Prussia Cove—Prah Sands	<i>62</i>

Contents

Walks and Excursions from Penzance:		<i>Page</i>
Gulval—Castle-an-Dinas—Chysauster		69
Madron Church, Well and Baptistery		72
Lanyon Quoit—Nine Maidens—Mulfra Quoit		73
Castle Horneck and Trereife		75
Sancreed and Boscawen-Un		76
St. Buryan		77
Mousehole		78
Paul		80
Lamorna		81
 Coast Walks:		
Lamorna to the Logan Rock		83
Land's End to the Logan Rock		85
Pendeen to St. Just and Land's End		89
The Land's End		93
The Lizard		99
The Isles of Scilly		111
Index		127

ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>facing page</i>
Porthminster Beach and the Harbour, St. Ives	32
Porthminster Beach, St. Ives	32
Porthmeor Beach and the Island, St. Ives	33
Carbis Bay	33
Godrevy and the Lighthouse	48
Gurnard's Head	48
Market Jew Street, Penzance	49
The Promenade, Penzance	49
Penlee Gardens, Penzance	80
Newlyn Harbour	80
St. Michael's Mount	81
Porthcurno, from near Treryn Dinas	81
The Land's End	96
Whitesand Bay and Sennen Cove.	96
Mousehole	97
Lamorna Cove	97

THE RED GUIDES

With Maps, Plans and Illustrations

Aberystwyth
Anglesey and North Wales
Bangor, etc.
Barmouth, etc.
Barnstaple and N.W. Devon
Bath, Wells, etc.
Betws-y-Coed, Snowdon, etc.
Bexhill and District
Bideford, Westward Ho!, etc.
Bognor and S.W. Sussex
Bournemouth and District
Bridlington and District
Bridport, West Bay, etc.
Brighton and Hove
Broads, The
Broadstairs and N.E. Kent
Bude and North Cornwall
Budleigh Salterton, etc.
Buxton and Peak District
Caernarvon and North Wales
Cambridge and District
Canterbury and N.E. Kent
Cardiff and South Wales
Channel Islands
Cheltenham and District
Chichester and S.W. Sussex
Clacton, Walton, etc.
Clevedon and District
Colchester and District
Colwyn Bay
Conway, Deganwy, etc.
Cornwall: North
Cornwall: South
Cornwall: West
Cotswolds, The
Criccieth and Cardigan Bay
Cromer and District
Dartmoor
Dartmouth and S. Devon
Dawlish and S.E. Devon
Deal, Walmer, etc.
Dover, St. Margaret's Bay, etc.

Eastbourne, Seaford, etc.
East Dorset Coast
East Sussex Coast
Exeter and S.E. Devon
Exmoor and Doone Country
Exmouth and District
Falmouth and S. Cornwall
Felixstowe and District
Filey and District
Folkestone, Sandgate, etc.
Fowey and South Cornwall
Harrogate and District
Hastings, St. Leonards, etc.
Hereford and Wye Valley
Herne Bay, Whitstable, etc.
Hythe, Littlestone, etc.
Ilfracombe and N. Devon
Ipswich and District
Isle of Man
Isle of Wight
Kent, North-East
Kent, South-East
Lake District, The
Leamington, Warwick, etc.
Littlehampton, S.W. Sussex
Liverpool, Birkenhead, etc.
Llandrindod Wells, etc.
Llandudno and N. Wales
Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, etc.
London
Looe and South Cornwall
Lyme Regis and District
Lynton and Lynmouth
Margate and N.E. Kent
Matlock, Dovedale, etc.
Minehead, Exmoor, etc.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne
New Forest, The
Newquay and N. Cornwall
Norfolk, North

Northumberland Coast
Norwich and the Broads
Oxford and District
Paignton and S. Devon
Peak District
Penmaenmawr,
Llanfairfechan, etc.
Penzance and W. Cornwall
Pwllheli and Cardigan Bay
Ramsgate, Sandwich, etc.
Rhyl and N. Wales
Ripon and District
St. Ives and W. Cornwall
Salcombe, Kingsbridge, etc.
Scarborough and District
Seaford, Newhaven, etc.
Seaton and District
Sheringham, Runton, etc.
Sidmouth and S.E. Devon
Southampton and District
Southport and District
Stratford upon Avon
Swanage, Corfe, etc.
Teignmouth and S.E. Devon
Tenby and South Wales
Thames, The
Torquay and District
Towyn, Aberdovey, etc.
Wales, N. (Northn. Section)
Wales, N. (Southn. Section)
Wales, South
Warwick, Kenilworth, etc.
Wells, Glastonbury, etc.
West Sussex Coast
Weston-super-Mare
Weymouth and District
Whitby and District
Worthing and S.W. Sussex
Wye Valley
Yarmouth and the Broads
Yorkshire Coast, The
Yorkshire Dales, The

SCOTLAND

Aberdeen, Deeside, etc.
Edinburgh and District
Glasgow and the Clyde

Highlands, The
Inverness, Strathpeffer, etc.
Northern Scotland

Oban, Fort William, etc.
Western Scotland

NORTHERN IRELAND AND EIRE

Belfast, Antrim, etc.
Cork, Glengarriff, etc.

Dublin and Co. Wicklow
Killarney and S.W. Ireland

Northern Ireland

RED TOURIST GUIDES

Baddeley's Guide to the English Lake District
Brittany The Riviera (French and Italian)

The Complete Guide to Scotland
Paris and Environs Switzerland

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED

INTRODUCTION

Railway and Road Routes—Camping and Caravanning—Hotels

A century ago the journey from London to West Cornwall occupied something like forty hours. Nowadays, Penzance is easier of approach than Bath was then, for the Cornish expresses operating in the Western Region system of British Railways cover the distance in about seven hours, while the excellence of the roads enables an ever-increasing number of motorists to do the whole distance in one day. And though these times relate to the journey from London, equally good services are provided between Cornwall and other parts of Britain.

RAILWAY ROUTES

The justly-famous *Cornish Riviera Limited* (Western Region line) runs from London (Paddington) to Penzance—305 miles—in about 7 hours.

Excellent services are also provided from the Midlands and North by through trains, or through coaches. Refreshment facilities are available on certain services and help to make the journey enjoyable. Should there be no restaurant car on the train selected, hygienically packed meals may be obtained from the refreshment rooms. Journeys may be made more pleasant by sending luggage in advance, for which service a nominal charge is made for each package.

For St. Ives and Carbis Bay passengers change at St. Erth junction, 5 miles east of Penzance. The branch line to Lelant, Carbis Bay and St. Ives is only four or five miles long and is most picturesque, running along the edge of the cliff for most of the way.

For Helston and the Lizard passengers change at *Gwinear Road* station, midway between Truro and Penzance. Thence by branch line to Helston (9 miles). The branch railway ends at Helston, and the remainder of the journey is made by bus.

ROAD ROUTES

Throughout the year "Western National" buses run to and from most parts of the Lizard in connection with the trains.

Connections with certain main line trains are provided by bus between Redruth or Camborne and Helston.

Holiday Runabout Tickets, issued from May to October, valid for 7 days, cover wide areas and provide a very inexpensive means of exploring the district. Similar tickets are also issued for accompanied dogs and bicycles. Other cheap travel is made possible by a wide variety of excursions, particulars of which are obtainable at any railway station, office or agency.

COACH AND BUS SERVICES

Long-distance passenger coach services connect Penzance and St. Ives with London and the main provincial centres. Fares are generally less than by rail and one can be sure of a seat. The journey, however, takes longer, luggage is restricted and seats for summer week-ends must be booked well in advance. The journey from London takes approximately 12 hours. Particulars can be obtained from Victoria Coach Station, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1. (Tel.: Sloane 0202), from main coach stations in the provinces, or usual agents.

Bus Services in the District

There are regular bus and coach services from Penzance and St. Ives to most of the neighbouring towns and villages while many day or part-day trips are also arranged. Throughout Cornwall the Western National buses run in connection with trains—a useful arrangement that saves much time.

WESTWARD BY CAR

Penzance and St. Ives are some 280 miles from London by road, 270 from Birmingham, and are therefore within the scope of a day's journey from either place. To avoid heavy traffic some drivers prefer to make the journey overnight, but for those to whom this does not commend itself an early start has much advantage.

The Land's End Road

The main A30 leaves London by way of Hammersmith and the Great West Road, and continues by Staines and Basingstoke (by-pass) to Salisbury, Shaftesbury and Sherborne. A good alternative road (A303) forks right about ten miles beyond Basingstoke, near Micheldever Camp, which avoids Salisbury and the steep climb out of Chard, by passing through Andover, Amesbury and Stonehenge, Wincanton, Ilchester and Ilminster. The two roads unite between Chard and Honiton. Those who go through **Salisbury** turn down to the right on entering the city along St. Mark's Road (second turning after St. Mark's Church). Turn right then left at the end into Wyndham Road. Right at the end again, into Castle Street, under railway bridge then sharp left, right through into St. Paul's Road, whence across at the end into Wilton Road and so in 20 miles to **Shaftesbury**. Some 16 miles further is **Sherborne**; then comes **Yeovil**. Keep left at the fork, and bear left again at next fork. Follow up South Street as far as the traffic lights, where turn left for Honiton and **Exeter** (171 miles). Those who desire to see something of the city should keep to the right at the top of Heavitree Hill, soon after entering the outskirts, and continue to High Street, where a turning on the left leads to the Cathedral and the large car park in the Close.

Those, however, who wish to pass through Exeter as speedily as possible should keep to the left at the fork at Heavitree, and by Magdalen Street, South Street and prominently indicated continuations reach the bridge over the Exe. Cross the bridge and go straight ahead along Cowick Street, which becomes the Okehampton road (A30), turning sharp right at Pocombe Bridge, at the foot of the hill. The Exeter by-pass, of course, avoids the city in a wide detour. It leaves the road from Honiton two miles after Clyst Honiton and goes southward *via* Countess Wear, rejoining the main road to Okehampton beyond New Bridge.

Westward of Exeter the scenery is grander and soon there are good views of the northern heights of Dartmoor, which is skirted all the way to **Okehampton**. Thence to **Launceston**, a picturesque town set on a hill, a run of 19 miles. At the top of hill turn to right, through gateway, in 100 yards turn to left through Market

Place and then go down to the right, keeping to the left at the cross-roads on the hill. Alternatively, to avoid the town, turn very sharp left at top of hill before entering the town, rejoining the Bodmin road beyond the built-up area. The way is now clear for the fine 22-mile run across the moors to **Bodmin** (A30). At entrance to town (*see* sketch plan) bear to right and on reaching church turn down to left. Almost at once go to right, again to left and finally to the right. At the far end of main street avoid road on right and after a descent and a climb one enters a splendid 30-mile run passing the huge Wireless Station and unhindered by towns and with only a few villages. **Redruth**, 262 miles from London, has narrow, busy streets, but the way through is unmistakably straight. Alternatively a by-pass starting on the right on the outskirts of the town and rejoining the main road (A30) between Redruth and Camborne at the base of Carn Brea Hill will do much to simplify matters for hurrying motorists. **Camborne**—after passing through Pool and Tuckingmill—is as easy to negotiate and soon there comes on the right a distant view of the sea about **St. Ives**.

First, however, the attenuated town of **Hayle** has to be passed through. Follow the road round to the left, pass under the viaduct, bear sharply to the right and at once pass through the viaduct again. The turning for **St. Ives** (277 miles from London) is on the right at the end of the embankment road alongside the Hayle Estuary. For Penzance keep straight ahead and 2 miles farther, by Cockwells hamlet, there will be caught a glimpse of St. Michael's Mount peering over trees to the left. Then we espy **Penzance** (280 miles from London), and shortly enter the most westerly town by the thoroughfare known as Market Jew Street.

From the Midlands and the North

Routes converge on **Gloucester**, whence it is 34 miles by way of Stone and Rudgeway to **Bristol**. The city is entered by White-ladies Road and Queen's Road, on the left of which are the Art Gallery and the University. Go down Park Street to College Green, bear round to left and then round to the right, across the head of the dock. Now go straight ahead, up Baldwin Street, which leads to Bristol Bridge. On the far side of the bridge is the right-hand turning (Redcliff Street) which becomes the Bridg-

water road—a splendid modern highway for a great part of the 33 miles. From **Bridgwater** it is 11 miles to Taunton and thence to **Exeter** is 31 miles of rather hillier road.

From Exeter the route is as already described. By this route the distance from Gloucester to Penzance or St. Ives is just over 220 miles; from Worcester just under 250; and from Birmingham 270 miles.

A useful alternative in view of possible traffic blocks in Exeter is the road from Taunton to Barnstaple *via* Milverton and Bampton; thence on by Bideford, Bude and Wadebridge. This is longer, of course, but an interesting road with some magnificent views.

Camping and Caravanning

The numerous well-wooded and sheltered combes, or *porths* as they are called, running down to the sea, make Cornwall excellent camping country, and an increasing number of caravans are seen each summer. There is rarely difficulty in finding a pitch, and some of them—at the edge of a sheltered wood looking over golden sands to the sea—are ideal; but motorists with heavy caravans and rather light cars should be very careful when approaching some of these combes, the roads often dropping in gradients of 1 in 5 or 6. They are also frequently very narrow, with sharp turns.

Hotels

We give on following pages a list of some of the principal establishments situated in the area covered by this Guide. These houses are known to give good fare. There are, of course, many others and our list should not be construed as being entirely selective. The figures in brackets denote the number of bedrooms.

Cornwall continues as one of Britain's great holiday areas and accommodation is always difficult to obtain unless booking is made well in advance.

In addition to the better-known centres and resorts there are many tiny fishing coves and moorland farmhouses where holiday accommodation can be obtained. Addresses of these can often be obtained from the Clerks of local councils.

HOTELS

Penzance

Queen's, Promenade. (67). Tel.: 2371.
Mount's Bay, Promenade. Tel.: 3847.
Western, Alverton Street. (30). Tel. 2310.
Beachfield (*private*), Promenade. (20).
Alexandra (*private*). (24). Tel.: 2644.
Union, Chapel Street. (30). Tel.: 2319.
Royale, The Cliff. (44). Tel.: 2650.
Regent, Chapel Street. (25). Tel.: 2946.
Star, Market Jew Street. Tel.: 3241.
Yacht Inn, The Promenade. (8). Tel.: 2787.
Carlton, The Promenade. (21). Tel.: 2081.
Marine, The Promenade. (22). Tel.: 2036.
Marine Park (*private*), Morrab Park. (13).
Estoril (*private*), Morrab Road.
Stanmore (*private*), Alexandra Road. (14). Tel.: 2927.
Holbein (*private*), Alexandra Road.
Morrab House (*private*), Morrab Road.
Low Lee View (*guest*), Marine Terrace. (10). Tel.: 2118.
Belle Vue (*private*), Regent Terrace. (9). Tel.: 3783.

St. Ives

Tregenna Castle. (90). Tel.: 254.
St. Ives Bay, The Terrace. (52). Tel.: 106.
Curnow's. Tel.: 9.
Garrack, Higher Ayr. (20). Tel. 199.
Chy-an-drea, The Terrace. (40). Tel.: 76.
Porthminster. (50). Tel.: 321.
Chy-Carne. Tel.: 643.
Western. Tel.: 77.
York (*private*). (36). Tel.: 56.
Lyonesse (*private*). (10). Tel.: 315.
Trelawney. (28). Tel.: 124.
Pedn Olva (*private*). (26). Tel.: 574.
Homeleigh (*private*). (18). Tel.: 117.
Regent. Tel.: 195.
Chy-an-Dour. (21). Tel.: 436.
Chy-Morvah (*private*). (10). Tel.: 314.
Porthvail (*private*). (19). Tel.: 554.
Trevessa, Primrose Valley. (39). Tel.: 799.
Chy-an-Albany. (41). Tel.: 59.
Barnoon End (*guest house*). (8). Tel.: 488.
St. Eia (*private*). (25). Tel.: 385.

Carbis Bay

Carbis Bay. (40). Tel.: 911.
St. Margaret's. (19). Tel.: 453.
Gwel Marten. (38). Tel.: 157.
Carrack Gladden. Tel.: 743.
Karenza (*private*). (34). Tel.: 198.
Headlands (*private*). (26). Tel.: 769.
Hendra's (*private*). Tel.: 30.
St. Uny. (25). Tel.: 38.
Atlantic (*private*). (14). Tel.: 177.
Boskerris Hall (*private*). (18). Tel.: 419.
Four Gables (*private*). (14). Tel.: 618.

Coverack

Coverack Headland. (33). Tel.: St. Keverne 243.
Bay. Tel.: St. Keverne 464.
Paris. (6). Tel.: St. Keverne 258.
Channel View. Tel.: St. Keverne 303.

Gulval

Kenegie Hotel and Country Club. (40). Tel.: Penzance 4174.

Helston

Angel. Tel.: 301.
Star.
Alpha. (16). Tel.: 43.

Lamorna

Lamorna Cove (*private*). (11).
Lamorna Inn.

Land's End

(See also under Sennen and Sennen Cove.)
Land's End. Tel.: Sennen 271.
Penwith.

Lelant

Lelant.
Enchanted Cottage.
Old Quay House.
The Links (*private*). Tel.: Hayle 332611.
Bickington. (11). Tel.: Hayle 3388.

Lizard

Housel Bay. (36). Tel.: Lizard 217.
Lizard. (12). Tel.: 256.
Parc-an-Castle. (8).
Kynance Bay (*private*). (8). Tel.: 225.
Channel View (*guest house*).
Caerthillian. (10). Tel. 210.
Mount's Bay (*guest house*).
See also under Coverack.

Marazion

Godolphin.
 Marazion.
 St. Winifred's House.
 Trevarthian (*guest*). (13). Tel.: 432.
 Coach and Horses, Prah Sands.

Mousehole

Old Coastguards (*private*). (20).
 Lobster Pot. (20). Tel.: 251.
 Shangri-la. Tel.: 369.

Mullion

Poldhu. (44). Tel.: 339.
 Mullion Cove. (42). Tel.: 328.
 Polurrian. (50). Tel.: 421.
 Gweal-an-Drea.
 New Inn.
 Old Inn. (8). Tel.: 240.

Newlyn

Old Bridge (*guest house*). (10). Tel.: 2056.
 Antoine. (8). Tel.: 3328.
 Chypons. Tel.: 2123.

Perranporth

Perranporth. (30). Tel.: 3131.
 Promenade (*private*). (11). Tel.: 3118.
 Sully's. (35). Tel.: 3234.
 Droskin House. (22). Tel.: 3261.
 Ponsmere. (50). Tel.: 2225.
 Droskin Castle. (45). Tel.: 2213.
 Perran House. Tel.: 210911.

Porthallow

Five Pilchards Inn. (5).

Porthleven

Torre-Vean (*guest house*).
 Tye Rock (*private*). (13). Tel.: 316.
 Harbour. (7). Tel.: 342.

Prah Sands

Seacroft. (30). Tel.: Germoe 215811.
 Prah Sands. (24).
 Tremaybn (*guest house*).

Redruth

Druids.
 Red Lion.
 Railway.
 London, Fore Street.
 Alma.
 Gates.

Sennen (Churchtown)

First and Last.

Sennen Cove

Old Success Inn. (18). Tel.: 232.
 Sennen Cove. (35). Tel.: 275.

St. Just

Wellington, Market Square.
 Commercial, Market Square.
 Star Inn, Fore Street.
 King's Arms Inn, Market Square.
 Trelew (*guest house*), Cape Cornwall Street.
 Chy-an-Gwel (*guest house*).

St. Mawes

St. Mawes.
 Idle Rocks.
 Rising Sun.
 Ship and Castle.
 Tresanton.
 Victory Inn.

St. Mary's (Scilly)

Holgate's. (30). Tel.: Scillonias 148.
 Tregarthen's. (36). Tel.: Scillonias 40.
 Star Castle. (15). Tel.: Scillonias 117.
 Atlantic. (32). Tel.: 17.
 Lyonesse House (*boarding*). Tel.: 58.
 Springfields. Tel.: 18.

Zennor

Gurnard's Head. Tel.: 28.

OTHER RED GUIDES

to

CORNWALL

NORTH CORNWALL

Includes Newquay, Bude, Perranporth, Padstow, Tintagel and Boscastle and the coast from St. Ives Bay to Hartland and over the border to Clovelly. Full complement of maps, plans and illustrations.

SOUTH CORNWALL

Includes Falmouth, Fowey, Looe, Polperro, St. Austell, Mevagissey and the coast from Whitesand Bay to Land's End. With numerous maps, plans and illustrations.

YOUR HELP IS REQUESTED

A GREAT part of the success of this series is due, as we gratefully acknowledge, to the enthusiastic co-operation of readers. Changes take place, both in town and country, with such rapidity that it is difficult, even for the most alert and painstaking staff, to keep pace with them all, and the correspondents who so kindly take the trouble to inform us of alterations that come under their notice in using the books, render a real service not only to us but to their fellow-readers. We confidently appeal for further help of this kind. All such communications will be duly acknowledged.

THE EDITOR

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED,
143 Piccadilly,
London, W.1.

THE TOE OF THE DUCHY

Relics and Romances—Sports and Amusements—Climate—
Mining—Geology—Cornish Ferns—The Cornish Language

Cornwall is the foot of England, the Lizard the heel, the Land's End the toe, while the narrowest part lies across the instep—Marazion to Lelant—6 miles. Cornishmen were ever an independent race, and every good native believes that while Cornwall could manage very well without the rest of England, as it did for many centuries, England would be sadly crippled if her foot were hewn off. She would certainly be bereft of a very delightful holiday playground. It may be of interest to recall that the county was made an Earldom after the Conquest, and a Duchy in 1337 by Edward III for his son, Edward the Black Prince. The Cornish Arms are fifteen golden bezants on a sable shield, with the motto "ONE AND ALL".

Cornwall has been famed since the earliest days of traditional history for its minerals, and even Solomon, to encompass his great glory, is said to have carried away from this westernmost county tin and other metals for the building of the Temple. During the Early Norman rule Jews were the chief workers of the mines, and one mine, long since worked out, is supposed to have been named from them *Attal Sarasin*, "the leavings of the Saracens". For centuries the toast at all local gatherings was "Fish, tin and copper", often jocularly termed "the three Cornish minerals".

Nowadays, however, the Duchy occupies a kindly place in the thoughts of thousands of visitors by reason of its magnificent rocky headlands, its sandy coves and beaches, its breezy moorland tracks, its invigorating north coast towns and villa ges hemmed in by the surging Atlantic on the one side and a chain of wind-swept hills on the other; or the less rugged and more restful charms of the warm south coast, where Fowey, Falmouth, Penzance keep ever-open house—spring, autumn and summer alike.

A COUNTY OF ROMANCE

This Guide relates not only to Penzance and St. Ives, but to all that part of Western Cornwall most easily visited from those places. Thus it includes the Lizard and the Isles of Scilly, the Land's End and the northern coast along by Godrevy. Eastward of that area our *Guides to North Cornwall* and *South Cornwall* deal with the northern and southern sections of the county respectively. Motorists and others breaking journey at Exeter should see our Guide to that city.

A County of Legend and Romance

If Penzance, St. Ives and the Land's End were imitations of Blackpool, Yarmouth or Margate, it would be folly to expect anyone to travel so far for what can be obtained near at hand by residents of London, the Midlands, and the great northern towns. In visiting the Land's End there is added to the pleasures of an ordinary holiday something of the spice of adventure. To visit Cornwall is to travel beyond the pale of the commonplace, into practically another country. It is characteristic of all the county that though it is in England it is not of it. It is often forgotten that Cornwall is practically an island, that from its eastern limit at Plymouth Sound right up to its north-eastern border runs the wide-sweeping River Tamar, cutting it off from the rest of England. On the map the isolation may seem imaginative; yet Cornwall, set down beside Devon, is yet distinct, its people and customs are different, and for centuries it boasted a language all its own—half-brother to the Welsh and Breton tongue. The Cornish are Celts, with here and there, according to tradition, a strain of warm impulsive Spanish blood; and before St. Augustine came to England or was even born, the Christian faith had taken root in this western peninsula, and ancient relics may still be seen by the wayside of the Irish and Breton pilgrims who wandered through the county and won its people over to their faith. West of Penzance one searches in vain for a reference to any saint mentioned in standard hagiology. The Cornish character for independence asserted itself even in this matter. St. Levan, St. Buryan, St. Sennen, St. Just, St. Piran, St. Uny and St. Elwyn are the names of a few of the saints to whom the churches of the Land's End are dedicated—names that are new

to most strangers from far-off counties, and reminders of the early foothold that Christianity took in this most westerly portion of England.

But there are more ancient memorials than the names of churches. There are relics that carry the mind beyond the veil that is the background of our island story, where fact and tradition are inextricably intermingled. There are the adventurous tales of King Arthur and his knights, of which Tennyson tells us (and it is interesting to know that every place mentioned in the story of Tristan and Isolde has been identified in Cornwall); there are the fabulous stories of Lyonesse, that fair tract with its one hundred and forty churches, that was buried in a single night by the untamable waves and now paves the bottom of the sea between the Land's End and the Scilly Isles; and there are the cromlechs and rocking-stones, kistvaens and tolmen with their stores of flint implements—dumb witnesses to the early residents of the peninsula. To all who observe—to the geologist, the antiquary and the naturalist—the Land's End is a generously furnished museum, with no narrow walls or glass cases, but open to the fresh air, domed by Heaven itself, set between two seas and bounded on all sides by some of Nature's most finished work—flowers and ferns and trees that can be found in no other part of Britain.

The Attractions of West Cornwall

The attractions of the Land's End and of Penzance and St. Ives are almost entirely natural, but there is also provision for outdoor sports of all kinds and for evening entertainments, including dancing. For geologists, botanists, antiquaries, all those whose hobby is a branch of natural history or of natural science, artists professional and amateur with pencil, brush or camera—for all these West Cornwall is an unfailing delight, the days are too short and the longest holiday ends too soon.

Although freshwater fishing is at a discount, the sea-fishing is excellent; what Cornish fishermen do not know about fishing is not worth knowing. Their boats are continually at sea in all but the foulest weather, reaping the harvest of the ocean. There are no sailors more honest, trustworthy, and experienced, or

more willing to give advice and provide all the necessary tackle for a day's fishing. Many visitors to the western shores of the "Delectable Duchy" count the time lounged away in some fisherman's boat whiffing for mackerel or pollock, or fishing in more serious mood, as the happiest hours of their holiday.

"The English Riviera"

Though intended as a compliment, this rather overworked name is a misnomer. The side of the county which faces the southern sea, and catches all the sun's warmest glances, is to England what the Mediterranean coast is to Europe, with this difference, that while the Mediterranean is a great land-locked and non-tidal lake—or sea, if it is preferred—Cornwall's southern shores are washed by a virile sea. Cornwall has, however, a somewhat different climate. The ranges of temperature are less than those of Mediterranean resorts and the general climate is more equable. The warming Gulf Stream plays its part and prevalent south-west winds moisten and soften the air. Cornishmen claim that theirs is "the first, last and best, county in England," and that not the least among its good qualities is the mildness of the climate.

A testimony of this mildness throughout the year is that delicate flowers flourish in the open and are to be seen in bloom far in advance of similar species elsewhere. Favourite blooms are rhododendrons, hydrangeas, myrtle and veronica, while fuchsia is abundant.



The Romance of Cornish Mining

More fortunes have been won and lost in Cornish mining than in any other industry in the county, if not in England. Dolcoath at Camborne which has been sunk to a depth of over half a mile, is one of the oldest and has probably paid more dividends than any other tin mine in the world.

It would take a volume to deal with the romance of this industry, but the following facts regarding what are known as the "United Mines"—Poldory, Wheal Cupboard, and Ale and Cakes Mines—will suggest something of the fascination which mining had for Cornishmen in the past, and, to a less extent, has still. It is a story of great prosperity and intermittent depression. In the first working these mines divided a profit of £300,000. Then, from changes in quality, price, and quantity, a loss of £50,000 ensued. This resulted in the stopping of the mines, but hope, an ever-dominant factor in Cornish mining, led others to take up the work, and a further loss of £30,000 resulted. Then the Consolidated Mines Company worked the mine with considerable energy. They divided £10,000, when the returns fell off and the mines were again abandoned. Subsequently Messrs. Williams, of Scorrier, took the mines in hand, forming a company with 200 shares at £80 a share, giving the shareholders of the old company the option of taking a holding in the new concern. Vigorous working resulted in one of the richest discoveries ever made in connection with copper in Cornwall. The shares rose from £80 to £950 each, equal to a value of £190,000 for what had been £16,000. Profits were very large, as much as £4,000 per month being divided.

Trescavean Mine, in which the famous Cornish worthy, Billy Bray, probably worked, was a still more remarkable mine. After having been abandoned as a failure, the mine was taken up, and resulted, with an expenditure of £1,008, in the discovery of an enormous bunch of copper ore. In 1829 the profit was £10,000, but it increased by bounds, until in 1833 it reached £60,000, or about £630 per share of 96 shares, on which about £20 per share had been paid. For a number of years it divided from £30,000 to £40,000 a year. It is estimated that the mine paid dividends to the amount of a million pounds on a capital of less than £2,000. Such romances of tin and copper mining could be multiplied.

From mining one's thoughts turn naturally to—

Geology

Geologically, Cornwall is unique among English counties. Built up as it is of ancient sedimentary rocks which have been

GEOLOGY

invaded by acid igneous rocks, the phenomena of alteration by heat and of mineralization are to be seen in great variety.

The foundation of the county consists of very ancient rocks, which vary from those of Carboniferous age in the north-east, through Devonian rocks in the centre to Pre-Cambrian rocks in the Lizard promontory. These have been invaded by dykes and sills of basic igneous rocks, the Greenstones, during Devonian times, and then, about the close of the Carboniferous period, the whole of the area was invaded by acid molten material which rose from below, lifting the slaty rocks above it, and cooling slowly under a thick cover of sedimentary rocks to form the granite of the West of England. During the consolidation of the granite, solutions containing volatile substances rose through fissures in the rocks, altering the rocks on either side and filling the fissures with metallic and other minerals to form the lodes.

After the formation of the granite Cornwall was for a long time high land which was weathered away by the action of wind, water, heat and cold, so that the slate cover was partly removed from the top of the granite and the upper parts of its uneven surface were later exposed as granite hills.

Later Cornwall was depressed and almost wholly submerged in the ocean, while in Pliocene times it was elevated by stages giving rise to gently sloping terraces at altitudes of 1,000 feet; 700 feet; and 400 feet. These form characteristic features of Cornish scenery. Near Camelford three of these terraces can be seen at altitudes of 1,000 feet, 700 feet and 400 feet above sea-level. Nearer the sea-level there is a raised beach which marks another stage in the rise of the land and which can be seen at Fistral Bay, Godrevy, and other points on the north coast.

To the petrologist and mineralogist, Cornwall is a happy hunting-ground, so varied and numerous are the rock types and so extensive the series of minerals.

Cornish Ferns

Nearly all visitors to the Duchy exclaim at the luxuriant ferns flourishing in the hedges with the facility of weeds.

The following is a useful and comprehensive list of ferns found in Cornwall.

CORNISH FERNS

COMMON

- Brake. Bracken** (*Pteridium aquilinum*).—Ternately compound fronds. Very common.
- Hard Fern** (*Blechnum Spicant*).—Fertile fronds pinnate, covered with brownspore cases in late summer and autumn. Barren fronds taller and green. Never found on chalky soil.
- Black Spleenwort** (*Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*).—A one-foot evergreen, with the characteristic linear sori borne obliquely on the upper side of the veinlets. Very common.
- Maidenhair Spleenwort or Common Wall Spleenwort** (*Asplenium Trichomanes*).—Slender black stalk with deep green fronds. Fruits the whole season.
- Lady Fern** (*Athyrium Filix-femina*).—Fragile, pale green fronds, lanceolate, and pinnae alternate; pinnules pointed and deeply cut.
- Hartstongue** (*Phyllitis Scolopendrium*).—Fronds are oblong, tongue-like and simple, with a leathery texture and a glossy surface. Stalk is short and shaggy, brown at the base.
- Male Fern** (*Dryopteris Felix-Mas*).—Bi-pinnate and tufted fronds. Grows in clumps to a height of two or three feet. Pinnules oblong and blunt.
- Common Polypody** (*Polypodium vulgare*).—Pinnatifid fronds, not tufted, six inches to a foot, oblong to lanceolate. Tangled roots, leathery texture. Slightly unpleasant odour.
- Royal or Flowering Fern** (*Osmunda regalis*).—Pinnae lanceolate and opposite; upper part of frond thick and brown with clusters of capsules, giving it the appearance of a flower-head. Fruit in late summer or autumn.

RARE

- Common Maidenhair** (*Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*).—Bipinnate fronds, alternate obovate and wedge-shaped membranaceous pinnules on capillary stalks. A small, delicate and graceful fern.
- Wall Rue Spleenwort** (*Asplenium Rutamuraria*).—Fronds two to five inches in height, pinnules variable, texture leathery. Stipes as long as the leaf part and dark brownish green.
- Scale Fern, Scaly Spleenwort** (*Ceterach officinarum*).—Long narrow fronds with rounded lobes, covered with brown scales underneath but a dark green on top.
- Brittle Bladder Fern** (*Cystopteris fragilis*).—Lanceolate fronds, pinnules deeply indented with serrated edges. Stalk slender, almost black with a few scales at base. Sori at tips of veins of pinnules.
- Prickly Shield Fern, Common Prickly Fern** (*Polystichum lobatum*).—Bipinnate and tufted fronds. Dark green and somewhat shiny, stout and prickly to the touch.
- Common Adder's Tongue** (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*).—Frond is a pointed green leaf. Stem erect with two lines of capsules. There is a network of veins on the leaf. Resembles the Cuckoo Pint.

The following ferns are also rare:

Tunbridge Filmy Fern (*Hymenophyllum tunbridgense*), **Rough Tor, Camelford**, in damp woods near Penryn; **Wilson's Filmy Fern** (*Hymenophyllum Wilsoni*), **Rough Tor, Carn Brea**; **Hudson's Spleenwort** (*Asplenium lanceolatum*), very rare in Newquay district, not plentiful except in Penzance district; **Sea Spleenwort** (*Asplenium marinum*), found in caves in wet places on sea cliffs, e.g. **Fern Cavern at Porth, near Newquay**; **Soft Shield Fern** (*Polystichum angulare*), damp shady places in Newquay district; **Mountain Buckler Fern** (*Dryopteris Oreopteris*), rather rare in East Cornwall, rare in West Cornwall; **Narrow Prickly-toothed Fern** (*Dryopteris Spinulosa*); **Oak Fern** (*Thelypteris dryopteris*); **Beech Fern** (*Thelypteris phegopteris*); **Moonwort** (*Botrychium Lunaria*).

The Cornish Language

Truly this may be numbered with the dead languages. It not only died, but was so effectually buried that it is now known only by tradition. With the exception of four religious dramas, some short stories and other fragments, there are no printed books in the Cornish tongue, and the country at large is therefore at a loss in that respect.

A good many Cornish words are still in use, especially in the West, but an old woman, Dorothy Pentreath, is popularly supposed to have been the last person to converse in Cornish. She died in 1777, and is generally credited with having attained the age of 102, though this is more than doubtful (*see* p. 80, regarding Paul). In 1640, at Feock Church, the sacrament was administered in Cornish. So late as 1650, according to Baring-Gould, the Cornish language was currently spoken in the parishes of Paul and St. Just; in 1678 the Rector of Landewednack (the Lizard) preached a sermon to his congregation in the Cornish language only, and according to existing records the language was still spoken by "the tanners and fish people of St. Just" in 1700. The evidence of the chief Cornish historians is interesting, though somewhat meagre and certainly conflicting. Hals tells us that in the reign of Charles I some of the aged people in the neighbourhood of Penryn were quite ignorant of the English language. Borlase, who wrote a MS. *Memorial of the Cornish Tongue*, says that the language had ceased to be spoken in 1758, while the tablet on the south side of Zennor Church suggests that Cornish was spoken much more recently than is commonly supposed.

F. W. P. Jago's *English-Cornish Dictionary* (1887); a similar work by Williams (1865), and the late Henry Jenner's *Handbook of the Cornish Language* (1904), will be useful to students, but the best and most modern books are the *Cornish-English* and *English-Cornish Dictionaries* and a little primer, *Cornish for All*, compiled by R. Morton Nance.

In 1902 the Celtic-Cornish Society was formed with the object of reviving the Cornish language as a spoken tongue by publishing a grammar and dictionary of the language; by printing all Cornish manuscripts not yet printed; by giving prizes for fresh

compositions in Cornish; by paying a premium for teaching Cornish to schoolmasters able to satisfy the Council of their fitness; and also by reviving the ancient Cornish miracle plays and re-establishing the Cornish Gorsedh of the Bards at Bos-cawen-Un.

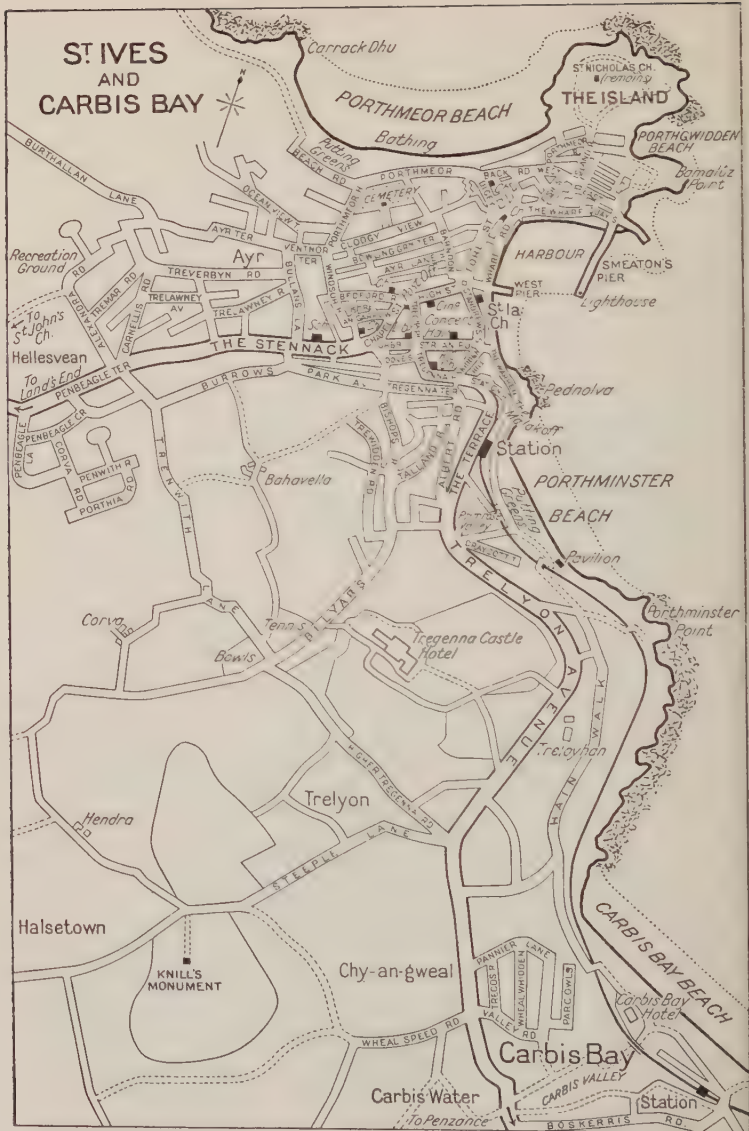
It may be interesting to readers to know that:

Als, Alt, is a cliff
Bal, a mine
Bos, a homestead
Bron, a hill
Carn, a heap of rocks
Chy, a house
Cos, a wood
Dinas, a hill-fort
Du, black
Enys, an island
Goon, moorland
Greeb, a crest
Hal, a moor
Kelly, a grove or copse
Lan, a monastic enclosure
Looe, a lake or pool

Maen or *mên*, a stone
Mên-an-Tol, a stone with a hole
Mên Scryfa, an inscribed stone
Nans, a valley
Pen, a headland
Pol, a pool
Porth, a cove
Praze, a meadow or common
Ruan, a river
Towan, a sandhill
Tol, a hole
Tre, a house or dwelling-place
Treryn, a dwelling on a promontory
Wheal, a mine or shaft
Zawn, a chasm



ST IVES AND CARBIS BAY



ST. IVES

General Information—St. Ives as a Holiday Resort—The Town— Historical Note

Few towns in the West have so surely sprung into popularity as touring centres and holiday-resorts as St. Ives on the north-west coast. Its bracing air—in contrast to the softer breezes of the southern side of the western peninsula—its magnificent open bay, its extensive sandy beaches, and its quaint, picturesque houses and narrow, crooked streets have appealed increasingly to holiday-makers, and though it is still essentially a fishing town, in the summer season its population is more than doubled.

Before referring in detail to the attractions of the town and district, it will be helpful to give some items of—

GENERAL INFORMATION

Approach.—St. Ives is 304 miles from London by Western Region line—279 miles by road. Particulars of rail and road routes are given on pp. 5 and 6.

Banks.—*Barclays, Lloyds, Midland, and National Provincial.*

Bathing.—Beaches of firm, golden sand. There is a beautiful stretch of sand from Lelant to Carrack Dhu. Surf riding from Porthmeor Beach. Beach huts and tents may be reserved by postal application to the respective beach managers at Porthmeor, Porthgwidden, Porthminster and Carbis Bay.

Boating and Fishing.—These can be indulged in to the heart's content. The St. Ives boatmen are expert fishermen, and there will be no difficulty in arranging a day's sport. Pollock and mackerel abound.

Bowls.—Public Green wonderfully placed on edge of cliff overlooking Porthmeor Beach. The greens of the St. Ives Bowling Club are beautifully situated in the Belliars, or Belyars, and are open to visitors.

Buses.—To Carbis Bay, Lelant, Penzance, Hayle, Helston, Zennor, etc. Bus Terminus: The Malakoff.

Caravan Sites.—*Ayr Farm, St. Ives; Hellesveor Farm, St Ives; Little Trevarrack, Laity Lane, Carbis Bay; Chy-an-Gweal, Carbis Bay; Laity Farm, Carbis Bay; Seaview, Porthrepta Road, Carbis Bay; Wheel Speed Park, Carbis Bay.*

Car Parking Places.—There are municipal car parks at Royal Square,

ST. IVES

Westcott's Quay, rear of the Sloop Inn (opposite the Lifeboat Slipway), Smeaton's Pier, Porthgwidden, The Island (adjacent to Porthgwidden Beach), Porthmeor Beach and at Barnoon. There is a private car park in Back Road East.

Cinemas.—*Royal* in Royal Square; *Scala* in High Street.

Distances by Road

	Miles		Miles
Bosigran Castle.	9	Land's End	22
Camborne	13	Lelant Church	3½
Cape Cornwall	17½	Lizard	26
Carbis Bay	1½	London	279
Castle-an-Dinas	7	Marazion	9
Chun Castle.	12	Newquay	35
Clodgy Point	1½	Penzance.	9
Eagle's Nest.	4½	Perranporth	20
Falmouth	25	Rosewall Hill	2
Godrevy Point	10½	St. Just	14
Gurnard's Head	7½	Towednack	3
Gwithian	9	Trencrom Hill	4½
Hayle	5½	Truro	23
Helston	15	Zennor Church	5½

Early Closing.—Thursday, except during principal holiday season.

Entertainments, etc.—Plays, musical recitals, concerts and ballet are presented at the *Municipal Concert Hall and Ballroom*, the Guildhall, which is one of the most modern Concert Halls in the West. Dances are also held at the Municipal Ballroom.

In addition, there are two cinemas and dancing at the *Palais de Danse*, Barnoon Hill. There is also dancing at some of the hotels. Band concerts are held in Trewyn Gardens on Sunday evenings. If wet, these are given in the Concert Hall.

Exhibitions of pictures by local artistes are arranged at the *New Gallery* of the St. Ives Society of Artists, and the *Penwith Gallery* of the Penwith Society of Arts in Cornwall, in Fore Street. The works displayed include some by famous artists and the shows are well worth seeing. In addition several private studios are opened to visitors.

Excursions.—Day and half-day coach trips arranged to all places of interest in the district. Local bills should be consulted.

Cheap day railway tickets are issued to various places, including Camborne, Falmouth, Helston, Marazion (for St. Michael's Mount), Newquay, Penzance, Plymouth, Redruth and Truro. Particulars can be obtained at the booking office. St. Ives is also a good centre for walkers.

Golf.—Within a short distance of St. Ives is one of the best-known golf courses in the West—that of the *West Cornwall Golf Club*. It is situated at **Lelant**, easily reached by rail or road. Within easy reach is the course at Tehidy Park near Camborne.

Hunting.—The *Western Foxhounds* meet twice a week during the season. The kennels are near Penzance.

Information Bureau.—At Westcott's Quay.

Mean Temperature.—58° F.

Museum.—Passmore Edwards Institute, Gabriel Street (open 2.30 to 5 Mondays to Fridays, 1st June to 30th September).

Newspapers.—*Western Echo*, Friday; *St. Ives Times*, Friday.

Places of Worship.—*Parish Church*, within a few yards of the Lifeboat Station—7.40 Litany, 8 Holy Communion, 10 Holy Eucharist, 11 Matins, 6.30 Evensong.

Roman Catholic.—Tregenna Hill—8, 10.30 and 6.

Methodist.—Bedford Road, St. Peter's Street and at Carbis Bay—services at 10.45 and 6.

Congregational—*Zion, Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion* and the *Fisherman's Church*, both in Fore Street, 10.45 and 6.

Wesley Church—The Stennack, 10.45 and 6.

Toc H—Off St. Andrew's Street, near Memorial Gardens—Fridays, 8.

Christian Science Society—Street-an-Pol, Sundays 11.

Salvation Army—Sunday, 11, 3 and 6.

Plymouth Brethren—Back Road West, 10.30 and 6.

Population.—9,037.

Post Office.—At the foot of Tregenna Place. Open 8.30–6.30, Sundays and Bank Holidays, 9–10.30 a.m.

Public Library.—Passmore Edwards Institute, Gabriel Street. Open 10–12.30 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays (also 6–8), Fridays and Saturdays, and from 3–5 on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.

Putting.—Greens at Porthminster and Porthmeor Beaches.

Railway.—St. Ives Station, Western Region, centrally situated. (Tel.: St. Ives 108.)

Tennis.—Public hard courts adjoining Porthminster Beach and on the grounds of the Lawn Tennis Club at the Belyars. An open and handicap tournament is held towards the end of August.



St. Ives as a Holiday Resort

Being on the north coast, St. Ives is far more bracing than its neighbour, Penzance. In spite of its development, it is still a town of small dimensions, with streets that wind in and out in a manner that would have irritated even the Irish saint who planted Christianity in the peninsula had she happened to be in a hurry.

St. Ives, however, is a place for idlers rather than the whirlwind traveller. For holidays, the miles of beautiful sands, fascinating caves and wooded slopes, make it a paradise for young and old. Those who prefer the gentle art of fishing can spend hours happily occupied on this sunlit coast, and bathers have a choice of several beaches where bathing is safe and enjoyable from golden sands. For centuries, St. Ives has been the mecca of artists and of those who appreciate beauty of colour and form. The clear light, the wonderful, ever-changing hues of the sea, the colourful boats, the picturesque old houses and artists' studios, have attracted countless artists. Through their paintings, exhibited throughout the world, St. Ives has become a familiar place to people of many nations. Not only does the town attract summer visitors. The mildness of the climate, a high record for sunshine and absence of fog, promote luxuriant vegetation and early flowers, so that even in winter and early spring, visitors are tempted here from places less favoured.

Through the Town

Those who approach St. Ives by rail have their appetites whetted by a series of glimpses across the beautiful bay; but road travellers see little of the bay and nothing of the town until, at the top of **The Terrace**, at the open expanse known as the **Malakoff**, trees and walls on the right fall away to afford a lovely view embracing the Harbour, with the Church tower, the Island and Porthminster Beach. It is a view which never fails to charm, but is perhaps at its best at sunset, particularly if the boats are just leaving harbour for the night's fishing.

To the right from the Malakoff stretches the grand *Porthminster Beach*, a really fine sheltered stretch of sand, bathing from which may be enjoyed with perfect safety.

From the Malakoff, where is the principal bus station, the main road runs steeply into the town, via *Tregenna Hill* to the **Public Library and Museum**. Here are pictures of old St. Ives, and works of well-known St. Ives artists. Being the spiritual home of so many artists, St. Ives is noted for its art exhibitions in the *New, Lanham* and *Penwith* Galleries, where comprehensive collections of older pictures and modern art are shown. Other interesting collections are housed in the Municipal Buildings, the Catholic Hall and the lounge of the Castle Inn. Tregenna Hill leads to **Tregenna Place**, on the right of which is **Street-an-Pol**. Here is the attractive flower-decked Guildhall with a fine Concert Room and dance floor.

At the foot of Tregenna Place is the **Head Post Office** where turn right along the High Street for the **Parish Church** and the **Harbour**.

The old town, with its winding streets, its church, and ancient houses, clusters round the harbour and behind it, and on either side rise hills which are being covered with houses favoured by visitors. These houses command sweeping views of the harbour and its many activities, and of the great bay from the Island to Godrevy Point, on the north-east, where at night the lighthouse sheds its beams. It is about 4 miles from point to point across the bay, the old town of St. Ives being huddled on the eastern side of the neck of land of which the Island is the end, and spreading itself on the shore of the mainland in a south-easterly direction towards Carbis Bay, and westward towards the heathery downs towards Clodgy Point. Old St. Ives, in fact, is now enclosed by considerable and very attractive residential areas, with ample modern hotel and other accommodation for visitors, and those who expect to find merely the picturesque old fishing town will be surprised at the extent to which St. Ives has grown in recent years.

The **Parish Church** dates from 1410 to 1426 and is said to have been erected on the site of a Norman Church. It is dedicated to St. Ia (or Eia), one of the lady missionaries from Ireland who landed here be-



tween 450 and 550 (*see* p. 30). She built an oratory on what is now called the Island. The lofty tower of the church, 119 feet, is the chief architectural feature in any general view of the town.

The interior of the church is rather dark, but the wagon roof over nave and aisles is worthy of notice, as are also the carvings of the capitals of the nave arches and the carved bench-ends in the nave. These last are Jacobean. The carving on the clergy seats is modern (1915), as also, of course, is that of the rood, with its figures, but very ancient is that on the front panels of the choir stalls. These must have formed part of some other structure in the fifteenth century, when choirs did not have stalls in the chancel. They show a man in a cocked hat, a woman in the coif of the period, a hammer, an anvil, a pair of bellows, pincers, nails, a horseshoe, etc., all said to be the work of Ralph Clies, the village blacksmith.

The rich Altar Cross was made by the Guild of Artificers, London. There are some good windows, especially those on either side of the south door.

The granite font, nearly 4 feet high, is supposed to have belonged to the Norman church.

On the wall of the Trenwith aisle, which opens from the south aisle, is the mutilated brass of Oto Treunwyth (d. 1463) and his wife, invoking St. Michael, whose nimbus has been filled in as a face. In the south-west corner of this aisle is a curiously inscribed stone reading, "Here to this bed Sixe Sises late wer laid. . . ."

Outside, in an enclosure against the south door, is a fine fifteenth-century cross, 12 feet high.

A cross more prominently placed near the church is the **St. Ives War Memorial**. It was wrought from a solid piece of Cornish granite.

The Harbour is much more than a sheltering-place for boats. At St. Ives one goes down to the Harbour almost as to a club, for since everybody drifts down there sooner or later one is sure to meet friends. This habit is no less apparent in the residents than in visitors—young and old, watermen and townsfolk are all to be found around the Harbour. There one cocks an eye at the sky and discusses the weather prospects with a bland indifference to official forecasts, one marvels at the size and the

appetite of the gulls; the boats—many of them brightly coloured—receive honourable mention, and if any amateur fishermen are throwing a line from the pier their catches (if any) are examined and commented upon. From the north pier is a magnificent view along many miles of the rugged north coast from the Hayle estuary, past Godrevy Lighthouse, St. Agnes Beacon, and far beyond to Trevoze Head near Padstow. And when the wind blows hard from the north-east there is the thrilling sight of waves dashing high over the houses by the waterside, or of boats bravely beating a way into shelter. Then there is the excitement attending the return of the fishing boats and the landing and disposal of the catch. At all times is this Harbour a miracle of colour—the boats, the water, the wooded cliffs and many-tinted houses and beyond them gleaming golden sands. The lighthouse half-way along the Pier was formerly at the end. It was erected by Smeaton, the builder of the old Eddystone Lighthouse. Between the two piers by which the harbour is protected is the Fishermen's Chapel, and near the parish church is the **Lifeboat House**. It was in 1840 that the first lifeboat was placed at St. Ives (the Institution had then been in existence only sixteen years) since when over 650 lives have been saved. The present twin-screw lifeboat, the *Edgar George Orlando and Eva Child*, completed in 1948, is of the "Liverpool" type, able to accommodate 30 people in addition to the crew of seven and to cruise about 100 miles at full speed. Radio-telephony is installed. The lifeboat is drawn by a tractor along the harbour to the slipway before it is seaborne. The neighbouring Salvation Army Mission has associations with General Booth himself.

During the Second World War, the Commando Mountain Warfare school of the Royal Marines was established here. The unit has left the town but trainees are still sent to St. Ives for training in cliff climbing at the precipitous Carn Gulva Rock nearby, part of which has been renamed Commando Ridge.

Westward of the Harbour is the oldest and quaintest part of the town. Running northward from the church is **Fore Street**, from which the **Digey** goes off to the left and has on its left side Hicks's Court, in which is a carved archway. By going under it and then turning to the right a characteristic bit of the town is seen. Returning to the Digey and following it northward (left-

ward) one arrives at **Porthmeor Beach**, a fine sandy bay, splendid for surf-bathing. Beyond it are putting greens. To the left, at the extremity of the bay, is the headland of **Carrack Dhu**. One can return by Back Road, wander about the quaintest of little streets and go by Island Road to—

The Island, originally, doubtless, an island in fact as in name. Then sand accumulated and formed the present causeway, now checkered with narrow lanes and strange houses, known by outlandish names. From the crest of the Island views are obtained of the bay, and of the coastline to the west, broken here and there by headlands, the best known of which are **Teapot Rock** and **Clodgy Point**, the latter a favourite picnicking spot. On the top of the Island is a stone building which marked the site of **St. Nicholas Chapel**, the old shrine of St. Ia, pulled down by the War Office in 1904. To the east of the Island is **Porthgwidden Beach**, a favourite spot for children. The grass-covered headland is usually black with the nets of fishermen, stretched out to dry. (They should not be walked over.) The comparatively flat ground between the Island and the town is a car park, almost at sea level.

The History of St. Ives

The early settlement here was given the name of St. Ia or Eia (p. 27), which in the sixteenth century became corrupted into St. Ives.

The place was of little importance until the close of the fourteenth century, when it shared in the general prosperity of the reign of Edward III. Its church was begun in the reign of Henry V and finished in the reign of Henry VI. A market-house was built in 1490, remaining until 1832, when it was pulled down. In 1497 Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the throne, and his wife, the Lady Catherine Gordon, came to St. Ives from Ireland with four ships of war, and landed with about a hundred and fifty men. Warbeck, who was addressed as King Richard IV, proceeded to St. Michael's Mount, where his lady was placed in the castle.

In 1558 St. Ives gained the privilege of sending two members to the House of Commons. The borough was represented in Parliament by many distinguished men, including (in 1882)

Edward Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton. In 1639 the borough was made a municipality, with a mayor, recorder, town clerk, and a corporation consisting of twelve aldermen and twenty-four burgesses.

During the struggle between the Parliament and Charles I, St. Ives was a noteworthy exception to the general loyalty of the county, the local leaders of opinion happening to be Puritans and Parliament men.

In 1685 the ship *Rising Sun* brought the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth from Holland to St. Ives, eventually landing him with his followers at Lyme Regis, in Dorset, to enter upon the desperate venture of the Western Rebellion, which ended in disaster on the field of Sedgemoor.

The incorporation of the Borough, recorded above, was mainly due to the efforts of Sir Francis Basset, who to celebrate the successful issue presented to the Borough a loving cup, which is kept with the maces and mayoral chain in the Guildhall. It is surmounted by the figure of a man in armour resting on a shield bearing the arms of the Bassets, and upon it is this quaint inscription:

"If any discord 'twixt my friends arise,
Within the Borough of beloved Saint Ives,
It is desyred that this my cup of love
To every one a peacemaker may prove;
Then am I blest, to have given a legacie
So like my harte unto posteritie."



CARBIS BAY

Access.—All trains to St. Ives stop at Carbis Bay station. Bus and railway connect Carbis Bay with St. Ives; or it is a charming walk along the cliffs.

Car Parking Places.—At Station and close to viaduct at foot of steep

road leading past station down to sands, etc., Chy-an-Gweal, St. Ives Road.

Hotels.—See pp. 9–11.

Places of Worship.—*St. Anta and All Saints*, 8, 10, 11, 6; *Me hodist*, 11 and 6.

See also under St. Ives.

This charming bay is but a part of the great inlet to which St. Ives has given its name. Only a mile and a quarter separate it from the town, and between the two places cliff walks meander along the coast, crossing and re-crossing the railway by light bridges. At one time Carbis Bay was known only as a picnicking haunt, but of late years it has attracted a considerable number of residents and visitors, so that quite a little town has sprung up on top of the cliffs. Its climate is at once mild and bracing, and there is good bathing—on excellent sands sheltered from south and west winds—boating and fishing. There are no finer sands in the county, not even at St. Ives. Its beach, in fact, and the famous golf links at Lelant, close by, have been the fortune of Carbis Bay. Across the bay is Godrevy Lighthouse and a long stretch of sandy shore, backed by cliffs, is in view.

A feature of the place is the romantic gorge which here breaks the long line of cliffs. On the sides of this tree-clad gorge, and at other advantageous points, are tea gardens, thronged in summer by visitors from St. Ives and Penzance; for Carbis Bay, though its houses are new, has a wide fame, and through the mildness of its climate in winter it is acquiring a reputation as a winter resort. To quote the late Joseph Hocking, the novelist: "Health and strength come to you as by a miracle, for the air is as pure and sweet as mountain dew and life becomes possessed of a new meaning."

On the way down from the main road one passes the **Church of St. Anta and All Saints**, a striking modern building erected from an anonymous donation of £7,000.



(Studio St. Ives)

Porthminster Beach and Harbour, St. Ives

Porthminster Beach

(Studio St. Ives)





(Studio St. Ives)

Porthmeor Beach and the Island, St. Ives

Carbis Bay
(Studio St. Ives)



There is a fine walk between St. Ives and Carbis Bay along the coast, passing, high up above Porthminster Point, the house where the “huer” watched for the first signs of pilchards in the Bay, in the days when they were caught by means of seine nets. On all the headlands around west Cornwall men called *huers*, from the French word meaning “to shout”, watched during the season for the purple tinge on the sea that told of the presence of a shoal of fish. When the anxiously awaited sign was discovered, the huers cried “heva”, “heva” (found, found), and away went the seine boats, the course taken by the crews being directed by the watchers who bawled instructions through trumpets and waved “bushes”, the name given to rough wooden frames covered with calico. The shoal having been enclosed in the great seine nets, the fish were collected in a smaller net, from which they were scooped with baskets into boats which carried them to shore.

One of the greatest catches ever made at St. Ives took place in September, 1905. “St. Ives was suddenly thrown into a state of intense excitement by the well-known cry, and this did not end until the close of the week, when the last of the five seine-nets successfully shot was emptied. That was a remarkable week. You saw fish everywhere, you smelt fish everywhere, and every able-bodied man who was not otherwise occupied helped to gather the harvest. It was estimated that over 13,000,000 pilchards were enclosed in the five seines shot in St. Ives Bay that morning in September.” (*Lewis Hind.*)

Some further notes on pilchard fishing will be found on p. 60.

The Huer’s House by Porthminster Point commands one of the many beautiful views which form so great a part of the charm of the neighbourhood.

WALKS FROM ST. IVES AND CARBIS BAY

I. TO THE KNILL MONUMENT

The Monument is a triangular granite obelisk, about 50 feet high, on a hill southward of the town. As the site is 545 feet above sea-level, it commands all the district and the coast-line for many miles, and is consequently a good spot to which to take an early walk. The easiest way to the Monument is by the lane just above the *Tregenna Castle Hotel* (see our town plan). This soon comes out on to the downs and the rest of the way is obvious. From Carbis Bay the lane 100 yards south of the Methodist Church is the most direct. In either case the Monument is hardly more than half a mile from the main road.

Johannes Knill, who is commemorated, was a bencher of Gray's Inn, and successively collector of the port of St. Ives, secretary to Lord Hobart when that nobleman was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and mayor of St. Ives. The date of his mayoralty was 1766. During his lifetime he had the granite "steeple" erected, with a vault at the base in which it was his intention to be buried, but he changed his mind and left his body to anatomists. He died in London in 1811.

On one side of the Monument are the arms of Knill, with the punning motto "Nil desperandum" and "Resurgam" above; two other sides are inscribed "Johannes Knill, 1782", and "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

In accordance with the provisions of his will there is a curious quinquennial ceremony. Ten girls under fourteen years of age, dressed in white, accompanied by two widows and a fiddler, walk in procession from St. Ives to the Monument, round which they dance while singing the hundredth Psalm. To ensure the observance of these directions, Knill left certain sums to the town and £10 to the mayor and collector of port dues for a dinner. The commemoration is celebrated every fifth year on St. James's Day, July 25, the most recent being in 1956. If it was intended as an occasion of solemnity, the testator's wishes have

proved vain. It has become a holiday, marked by much merriment, and the quaint ceremony attracts numerous visitors from various parts of the county.

Those who have climbed the hill will see that there are several obvious ways of varying the return route.

II. TO CLODGY POINT

This is a favourite view-point westward of the Island and rather more than a mile from the Market Place, from which one can go by way of Fore Street and the Digey (p. 29) to a footpath which skirts Porthmeor Beach to Carthew Point, where is the Man's Head Rock. From this point that to which we are bound makes a very effective picture and is but a short distance away. From Clodgy Point one views with equal pleasure Carthew Point, but these local views are not the great attraction. That which draws visitors to the spot is the vast expanse of sea and coast-line spread before them. North-eastward across St. Ives Bay the prospect includes Godrevy Island and Lighthouse at the extremity of the inlet; beyond them St. Agnes Beacon, and still farther Trevoze Head, stretching out into the sea some dozen miles north of Newquay. South-westward from Clodgy the coast shows five headlands descending steeply into the sea. Three times at least should Clodgy Point be visited. When the air is clear so that the outline of the coast can be plainly distinguished; when the setting sun is producing gorgeous effects on the sea and the Five Points; and when a storm is raging, the sea is hurling itself against and over the Point, spray is flung high and wide, and gulls are screaming down the wind.

Good walkers may make the excursion circular by taking the delightful cliff walk past the Five Points to the cove and cliffs at Treveal, a picnic resort some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, and returning to St. Ives by a footpath passing through Trevalgan and Trowan and about 2 miles from Treveal striking the lane between Clodgy and St. Ives. Or from Treveal one can strike southward to the Zennor-St. Ives road, along which buses run.

III. TO LELANT

From St. Ives go to Carbis Bay by the lovely cliff walk and

LELANT

thence on over the golf links to the point where the land is broken by the Hayle River. It is also possible to walk *via* the shore, making use of steps at a few points when the tide is high. A ferry plies over the Hayle estuary; there are good sands here and a beach café. From this point it is ten minutes' walk to the pretty village of **Lelant** (accent on second syllable). By road, the secondary motor road opposite Lelant Hotel leads in a $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile to the Church and ferry (*see* p. 43). The parish of Lelant is one of the many in the county which have suffered from accumulations of sand. One old chronicler states that Lelant was "sumtyme a baren town, but then of late decayed, by reason of the sande which had choaked the harbour and buried much of the lande and houses". There is a tradition that where the church now stands a whole town was overwhelmed by sand and finally lost. Sandstorms, it is said, came on so suddenly, and were so fierce in character, that in two or three days houses were completely buried. Little more than a century ago the **Church** (Sunday



services, 8, 10.30, 11, 6), which is half a mile from the village, was itself in serious danger of being buried, but the marram grass which was planted around it has checked the encroachment.

It is dedicated to St. Una or Uny, a brother of the St. Ia of St. Ives. Its style is partly Norman, partly Perpendicular. Above the south porch is a sundial, and in the porch is a niche for the holy-water stoup (restored). Within the church the principal features of interest are the panelled roof of the chancel, the Norman work in some of the arches, the carved roof of the south aisle, the staircase to a Rood Screen in the north wall, the Norman font, and the monuments at the west end of the south aisle.

The **Golf Links** at Lelant belong to the *West Cornwall Golf Club* (Tel.: Hayle 331911). They are splendidly situated on the Towans (natural sandhills), near Lelant station. From the nature of their soil they are playable even in wettest weather. The position is ideal for golf, the air is bracing, and from all points the views are most pleasing. They include St. Ives with its ever-

changing colours, Godrevy Lighthouse, Trencrom Hill to the south-west, and vast sandhills on the Hayle side of the estuary. Luncheons and teas are available and the Club is open on Good Fridays and Sundays.

"Lelant can boast a climate absolutely ideal for golf in winter," wrote Bernard Darwin in *The Golf Year Book*. "A natural sea-side course, with charming views in all directions. There is a good club-house, and a separate pavilion for ladies."

IV. TO TRENCROM HILL

Trencrom lies almost due south of St. Ives, from which it can be reached by a walk of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. (This walk could very well be made a continuation of the excursion to Knill's Monument.) Beyond Chy-an-Gwheal Methodist Chapel at Carbis Bay, take the first inland turning. At Milne turn to the left. The road leads to a footpath and this leads to a lane which goes to Trevarrack. Follow this to a road from which a water-wheel will be seen. By means of a plank bridge cross the stream which drives the wheel, and ascend a steep field to a gate on the left of a farmhouse. Pass through the gate and ascend the hill. The summit is but a few minutes' walk from the gate. On the summit are remains of an ancient camp, believed to have been raised by Neolithic men.

The hill, 550 feet above sea-level, is a fine point of vantage for views of the surrounding country. Among the most prominent features of the extensive prospect are St. Ives Bay and Godrevy Point on the north; St. Michael's Mount and the Lizard on the south; Hayle and the Hayle estuary on the east, and at the foot of the hill Trevethoe Park.

Many old tales survive of the games which an ancient giant was wont to play with the boulders that cover the hill-side. Once, it is said, a giant on this hill played bob-buttons by means of the boulders with a companion who resided on St. Michael's Mount, until the latter was slain by Giant Corcoran, and then, of course, the games came to an abrupt end.

The return to St. Ives may be made through Trevarrack and over Longstone Downs.

V. TO ZENNOR AND GURNARD'S HEAD

This walk opens up country of a wildness unsuspected by those acquainted only with the comparative softness of St. Ives Bay.

It is worth while to take the bus as far as the top of the long, steep hill out of St. Ives. At this point the Zennor highway changes in character to that of a moorland road. This is, indeed, probably one of the most colourful corners of Cornwall, heather, gorse, bracken and wild flowers in profusion covering the hill-sides across which the road passes. In about half a mile a lane on the right leads to Treveal and the footpath route to Zennor (motorists: note that this lane becomes extremely narrow and steep), but it is worth keeping to the highway for the sake of the very fine view which surprises those who breast the hill ahead. In front there springs into sight a great tract of smiling farmland, backed by heathery heights and with the blue Atlantic beyond; looking back we see nothing of St. Ives, but have a grand view across the bay to Godrevy and for miles farther up the coast. The road now drops, and at the foot of the hill a left-hand turn leads to **Towednack** (3 miles from St. Ives), one of the Cornish "churchtowns"—that is, a church and a cluster of houses. The church is a thirteenth-century edifice with a plain squat tower—the devil having thrown down the pinnacles—and a chancel arch, an unusual feature in the churches of Cornwall. The road to Towednack runs between **Rosewall Hill** (700 feet) on the left—a stiff climb up the hill is rewarded by the view and a closer sight of a **Logan Stone**—and **Trendrine Hill** (805 feet).

The main road keeps to the coast, however, and after a few more hills and zig-zags one looks down upon—

Zennor,

5 miles from St. Ives. The church dominates the scene, opposite is the inn, and near by the local store carries on the general trade of the hamlet.

Both Zennor and Morvah claim the honour of being "the place where the cow ate the bell-rope". Probably the rope was made of straw; hence its attraction. The place has seen better days, and its **Church** (Sunday services, 8, 11, 6.45) dates from those halcyon times. It underwent a thorough restoration in 1890. There is a

restored fourteenth-century font, a good Norman window, and a carved bench-end to which hangs a tale. It represents the traditional mermaid of Zennor, who is said to have once visited the church to hear the marvellous singing of the squire's son, and to have been so captivated that she enticed him to return with her to the sea. Of old, Zennor men were singers of wide fame, but they are said to have lost this distinction in more recent times.



On the south wall, outside, is a tablet: "To honour the memory of John Davey (1812-1891) of Boswednack, in this parish . . . who was the last to possess any considerable traditional knowledge of the Cornish language . . . and that of his father, John Davey of St. Just (1770-1884), both of whom lie buried near." The stone was set up by the St. Ives Old Cornwall Society in 1930.

See also p. 20, concerning Dolly Pentreath, generally credited with being the last person to have *spoken* the Cornish language.

One of the sights of the village is the **Giant's Rock**, or Logan Stone, on the seaward side of the Church. Follow the lane leading north-west from Church and the stone will be seen in fields on the right directly one is clear of buildings. The rock was at one time very sensitive, and legend has it that one way of becoming a witch was to climb on the Giant's Rock nine times without shaking it. The West Cornwall Field Club have a *Wayside Museum*, of great interest to archæologists, in the village. **Zennor Cromlech** is also worth seeing. There are many cromlechs in Cornwall, but, according to Professor Westlake, that at Zennor is unique, being the only one that contains two sepulchres covered by one great stone, the largest of the kind in England. When explored some years ago, one chamber was found to contain urns—which the workmen smashed in the belief that they contained coins. Instead there was disclosed only a quantity of rich black mould, doubtless decomposed human remains, in the centre of which was a large stone with a hole in it, supposed to have been attached to the girdle of some chieftain. The slab, 18 feet by 9½ feet, was formerly supported by seven upright stones.

The cromlech is a mile eastward of the village, on the inland side of the main road. The way is not difficult to find, but it is well to ask local direction before setting out. From the cromlech one can follow a south-easterly course down to Towednack (*see* p. 38) on the homeward route.

Good walkers who have reached Zennor by road should make at least part of the way back to St. Ives by the path which follows the coast by Zennor Head (National Trust) and Treveal. *Undergrowth in summer may present difficulties.* Thence one may continue along the coast or take the footpath passing Trevalgan and Trowan.

Far more attractive, however, is the coast walk westward from Zennor to **Gurnard's Head**.

The road from Zennor in the direction of the Land's End leads through delightful moorland country, with the sea in view. On every hand is some of the wildest and most impressive scenery in the Duchy. "The contiguous parishes of Zennor, Morvah (the next village of consequence) and Towednack are called 'the high countries'; natives of these places once considered themselves vastly superior to the inhabitants of St. Ives and Lelant, and every bare-legged infant thanked the goodness and the grace that made him a happy Zennor, Morvah, or Towednack child. But the times are altered now! Tea and slops have supplanted the old-fashioned country diet; flimsy hats and dresses have taken the place of comfortable homespuns; country dances are condemned as not sufficiently genteel; the fiddler is extinct, and the quadrilles and polkas are politely warbled by the popular, though execrable concertina" (*J. H. Matthews*). Gramophone and radio have largely replaced accordions, but much of the "auld world" still lingers in the high countries, and many farmhouses retain the immense open chimney with dried furze and peat turf piled upon the earthen floor of the kitchen.

Viewed from all standpoints, this is a delightful district. Pedestrians who keep to the cliff path will be rewarded with a sight of some of the grandest coast scenery of Cornwall—Gurnard's Head, Bosigran Castle, Rosemergy Cliffs and Carn Galva (slightly inland). Lovers of Nature will never forget this grand expanse of sea and sky; the towering granite cliffs, the grey rocks covered with lichen and with sea plants in the crevices, and the

moorlands with their wealth of wild flowers, golden gorse and purple heather—a perfect blaze of colour—or the sheltered nooks and valleys, so rich in bird life. Badgers, foxes and otters find secure retreat among the boulders and cliffs of this wild region.

Gurnard's Head

Road Route.—From St. Ives follow the Land's End road (bus route) to the *Gurnard's Head Hotel*. Go down lane beside the hotel, then over stile and keep as nearly as possible straight ahead after leaving the Coastguard Station. The path leads across several stone stiles and fields to the head. The farthest point is nearly a mile from the bus stop at *Gurnard's Head Hotel*, and as the last part is a rocky and awkward descent some may prefer to be content with the view from the top.

This narrow promontory running out due north from the mainland, and one of the wildest and grandest headlands in the county, was once known as *Treryn Dinas*, for it was one of Cornwall's famous cliff castles. Upon the isthmus there are still remains of the fortifications. From its situation, which resembles that of its namesake on the coast south-west of Penzance, the castle must have been of great strength. As a point of vantage from which to view this portion of the romantic coast of Cornwall, Gurnard's Head is unexcelled. It is a place to visit and revisit, in calm and in storm.

The promontory is a fine example of the greenstone formation, and the geologist will find it worth his while to examine its base at low water.

The next deep cove, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile westward, is **Porthmeor**, at the head of which slate gives place to granite. The hamlet, which is about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile inland, can be reached directly from Gurnard's Head or *via* Trereen and the high road. At Porthmeor a fortified village of the Iron Age (100 B.C.—A.D. 200), has been excavated. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile farther along the high road and just north of it is **Bosigran**. The head of its promontory, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away, formed a cliff castle 400 feet above the sea. Between Bosigran Castle and Morvah, some 2 miles farther west, is some of the grandest and most impressive cliff scenery of Cornwall, especially at **Rosemergy**, whose granite pinnacles and those at Bosigran are the highest in the county. The cliffs, here, however, are almost impassable in summer owing to the dense undergrowth.

The hamlet of **Morvah** is likely to be the limit of a day's walk from St. Ives and a lift home on the bus will be appreciated;

those desirous of exploring the coast on to Land's End should see pp. 89-98.

VI. TO ST. EARTH

St. Earth is generally overlooked, but is well worth a visit. The wide tree-lined road to the right from the Hayle road near the station is an ancient Causeway, believed to be about 600 years old. It was widened in 1816. In half-a-mile it leads to a T-junction. Turn left here to reach the village of St. Earth. (The road to the right leads to St. Hilary, Marazion and Penzance.) Close to the east end of the bridge is the Church, built in the fourteenth century, rebuilt in 1742 and restored in 1874. The fourteenth-century tower consists of three stages and has battlements and pinnacles. Gargoyles half-way up the tower form the most interesting external feature, as no other church in West Cornwall has such figures; internally the church is notable for the wood-work of the roof with its magnificent carving and floral bosses. The beautiful Trewinnard Chapel in the south aisle is modern; it has richly-carved oak pews, a beautiful screen; roof and tapestry. The churchyard contains interesting old crosses and memorials. Near the church is a small, low, three-arched bridge, spanning the stream that flows into the Hayle Estuary. Leland, the antiquary (1506-52), speaks of the bridge being two hundred years old in *his* time. The village has some picturesque old houses and attractive doorways.

St. Earth is itself a centre for some interesting walks.

Castle Kayle, situated to the east of the village, is a circular earth-work or fort on high ground commanding a large area of country to the east and south. The route to it is along the road to St. Earth Praze, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, thence along the Helston road eastward for $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, and thence along a branch road going leftward. The "castle" is about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the turning.

Trewinnard, a good specimen of a small country house of the eighteenth century, is on the western side of the River Hayle and about a mile south of St. Earth bridge. The original Trewinnard is mentioned in the Domesday Book under the name of *Trewinerder*. The house has an interesting history, eventually coming into the possession of the Hawkins family who still own it. Westward of the western end of the bridge take the first turning on the left, and at the end of about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile follow the road as it bends to the right. Almost at once the house will be seen on the left.

Trencrom Hill (*see* p. 37) lies north-westward of St. Erth station. From the station go south-west along the Marazion road for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to Canons Town, thence westward for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, thence north-westward to Lelant Down, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, and thence along the direct road to Trencrom village, a mile distant. About midway is the hill, crowned by the remains of an ancient camp (p. 37). For pedestrians there is a much quicker way by footpath directly opposite St. Erth station approach.

From Trencrom Hill St. Ives may be reached either (*a*) by going through Trevarrack, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile north of Trencrom village, and over **Longstone Downs**, where the Parliamentarians were routed in 1644, thence dropping down to the town; or (*b*) directly by the route given in the reverse direction on p. 37. The distance from Trencrom by (*a*) is about 4 miles, and by (*b*) about $3\frac{1}{2}$.

VII. TO PHILLACK AND GWITHIAN

A good $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of Lelant Church (p. 36) is a ferry which plies across the River Hayle. Motorists may reach Phillack by way of Hayle and the turning, *some way east of the level crossing*, leading "To the Towans". From the main road the prospect is not very attractive, but once one has crossed the ridge behind Phillack Church a very fine view across to Carbis Bay and St. Ives opens up. **Hayle Towans** is the beginning of the range of great sand-dunes extending to Gwithian. At the west end the dunes have become covered with short thick turf and here a colony of bungalows has come into existence. From Hayle Towans it is a fine walk along the sands to the bungalow town at **Gwithian Towans**, but motorists must return to the main road, turning to the left at the east end of Hayle. **Phillack Church**—the Church of St. Felicitas—is one of the most ancient in Britain. "It is unknown when a church was first built on this site, but the labarum in the gable of the porch is probably fifth-century. In the whole of England but nine or ten of these monograms remain, of which six are in Cornwall." In the church itself visitors can read this quotation and further interesting particulars, including information about the crosses in the churchyard and the list of rectors from A.D. 1257.

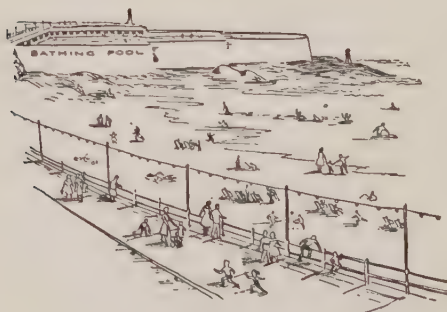
The Towans at Gwithian, and the long stretch of sand which extends all the way from Carbis Bay (with the single interruption made by the Hayle River), end at the foot of **Godrevy Point**, where is a raised beach. The Point commands fine views across the bay to St. Ives and is equally in the picture from St. Ives. The

GWITHIAN

Lighthouse, automatic and unmanned, occupies a little island a few hundred yards off the point. The white light, visible 17 miles, flashes every 10 seconds, and there is also a fixed red light in the direction of the Stones.

Gwithian, 9 miles from St. Ives, is constantly threatened by sand. The **Church**, dedicated to SS. Felix and Gothian, was rebuilt in 1866, only part of the chancel wall and the tower of the old building remaining. The register dates from 1560. The lych-gate was constructed from materials taken from the south arcade, and in the churchyard is an ancient round-headed cross.

St. Gwithian was an Irish saint who at the end of the fifth century landed in the Hayle estuary. At the spot called after him there was founded a church, which was long lost sight of, having been buried by the sand, but tradition preserved the memory of it and about 1830 it was partially uncovered by the wind. Excavation followed, some skeletons were found and the old walls were laid bare, only to be soon re-covered by the invading sand. At one time this, possibly the oldest Christian building in England, was used as a cow-shed.



PENZANCE

General Information—The Story of Penzance— Round and About the Town

Before describing Penzance and its surroundings in detail it may be well to summarize, in alphabetical order, a number of miscellaneous items of importance and interest to visitors.

Airport.—Kelynack, St. Just (Tel.: St. Just 79).

Angling.—Mount's Bay provides first-class sport for the sea angler, though some seasons are disappointing. Big and little pollock, mackerel, bream, hake, dorys, whiting, conger, ray, and skates up to 1½ cwt., are all to be caught, and in sufficient quantities to provide exciting sport. Indeed, twenty-four varieties of fish have been caught in one day. Few places around our coast can compare with Penzance in this respect. Blue sharks also abound.

One word of warning it is necessary to give. Do not waste time—and bait—on an angling expedition unless you have as your companion someone who is able to "find the marks", or, in other words, who knows sufficiently well where the angling grounds are. Otherwise you may fish all day in one spot without so much as a bite, while you have the exasperating spectacle of a neighbour twenty yards away hauling in fish of all sorts as fast as he can bait his hooks. Another word of advice: if the weather is at all fine and the tides are suitable, do not potter about within a mile or so of the shore. Tell your boatman that you want a *day's* angling, and that you want to try some of the outer "marks". Of these the best are Garry-Maddern, Pedny Carn, and the Outer Ebbles; but favourable weather conditions are essential for these points.

For those who prefer the lesser excitements of inshore angling there is plenty of fun and some good sport. Perhaps the most popular form of angling is "whiffing" for mackerel, and in the early mornings of July, August and September the bay from Low Lee and Mousehole to Penzance is thick with boats engaged in this first-rate sport.

Another successful method of fishing from a boat is "spillering". The spiller is a line about 200 yards in length, to which hooks are attached at 3 or 4 feet apart. At each end are a sinker (generally a brick) and a buoy. The fish caught by this method include plaice, bass, turbot, brill, and occasionally a sole.

Those who enjoy sea-angling but can practise it only from the shore, should go with rod and line to the pier heads at Penzance,

PENZANCE

Newlyn or Mousehole, or the rocks at Lamorna, Porthcurno, and other points which the local seamen will indicate.

There is no river angling of consequence. A few trout are occasionally to be obtained in the little streams to the east and west of Penzance—Ponsandane, Trevaylor, Chyandour, Tolcarne, Lariggan, and Lamorna—but it is not a sport to be recommended in this district where the rivers are so small.

Licences for freshwater fishing, 10s. for the season—March 16 to Sept. 30. Apply Messrs. J. H. Rowe, Ltd., 78, Market Jew Street.

Banks.—*Barclays*, Market Jew Street; *Lloyds*, Market House; *Midland*, The Greenmarket; *National Provincial*, Market Place; *Union Savings*, Causewayhead; *Westminster*, Alverton Street.

Bathing.—Though the upper parts of the beaches are shingly the bathing is absolutely safe. At low tide large expanses of sand are revealed and here and there are pools among the rocks for the delight of children. The most popular bathing-places are Lariggan Beach and the Western Beach, but good swimmers often prefer to bathe from the Battery Rocks, on account of the diving (but caution is necessary when the tide is less than half). There is also bathing from the sandy beach at the eastern end of the town, known as the Eastern Green, and which stretches for three miles around Mount's Bay to Marazion.

Adjoining the Battery Rocks and the 1914–18 War Memorial is a very fine *Open-air Bathing Pool* with diving-boards and other facilities (see p. 56).

There is splendid bathing at most of the little coves on the coast, but local advice should be sought with regard to currents and depth of water. Caution should especially be exercised in rough weather and publicly exhibited danger warnings should be strictly observed.

Boating.—Mount's Bay is so delightfully fringed by villages and hamlets that boating, whether with sails, oars or motor, becomes a means to an end—namely, pleasant excursions to some of the smaller resorts that line the sparkling blue and green waters—Newlyn, Mousehole and Lamorna Cove, on the south-west, and Marazion, Perranuthnoe and Prussia Cove on the other side of the bay, while many more distant points can be visited in larger boats or in the excursion steamers. Those who are not good sailors should, however, avoid days when there is a breeze from either the south-east or the south-west. Boatmen may be found either at the Quay or on the Promenade.

Bowls.—There are Corporation bowling greens in the Alexandra Gardens and in the Bolitho Gardens on the seafront. Visitors who are members of recognized bowling clubs are invited to join in the rink competitions, generally organized once or twice a week during the season.

Bus Services.—There are bus services between Penzance, St. Just and Pendeen; Penzance and Land's End; Penzance, St. Buryan and

Treen; Penzance, Gurnard's Head and Zennor; Penzance, Lelant and St. Ives; Penzance, Porthleven and Helston.

Some of these services are suspended or much curtailed on Sundays. Visitors should make inquiries for a copy of the time table. Principal departure points are the Railway Station and the junction of Alexandra Road and the Promenade.

Car Parking Places.—There are parking places at: Municipal Building (100), Albert Wharf (40), St. Anthony Gardens, opposite Bathing Pool (50), also by Railway Station, and in Market Jew Street.

Churches and Chapels, with hours of Sunday services. Confirmation should be sought from local announcements.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—*St. Mary's*, Chapel Street, H.C., every Sunday 8 (First also at 7); Matins, 10.30; Sung Eucharist, 11; Evensong, 6.

St. Paul's, Clarence Street, 8, 11 and 6.30.

St. John's, Trewartha Terrace, 8, 11 and 6.

There are several other churches just outside the borough and reached by delightful short walks (see Index). Among them are: *Gulval*, *Madron*, *Paul* and *St. Peter's*, *Newlyn*.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—*Church of the Immaculate Conception*, Rosevean Road, Mass, 8, 10.30; Devotions and Benediction, 6; Holy Days, Mass, 7.30 and 10; Rosary and Benediction, 6.30; Weekdays, Mass, 7.30; Benediction (Wednesdays), 6.30.

NONCONFORMIST.—*Baptist*, Clarence Street, 11 and 6.

Congregational, Market Jew Street, and Princess Royal Estate, 11 and 6.

Methodist, Chapel Street, Alexandra Road, High Street, Mount Street, Parade Street and Tolver Place, all at 11 and 6.

Christian Science, Alexandra Road.

Elim, Taroveor Road.

Salvation Army, Queen Street.

Cinemas.—*Ritz*, Queen Street; *Savoy*, Causewayhead; *Gaiety*, at Newlyn.

Clubs.—*Penzance Club*.—A well-appointed social club in Alexandra Road, with billiard, reading and smoking-rooms, facing the sea.

Mount's Bay Club.—Morrab Road; social; billiards, chess and reading rooms. Other clubs are: *Y.M.C.A.*, Market Jew Street; *British Legion*, Chapel Street; *Gremlin* (R.A.F.A.), The Greenmarket; *Magpie* (Football), Morrab Road; *Pirates* (Rugby), "Westholme", Alexandra Road; *Rotary*, Mondays at Regent Hotel; and several sports clubs and music societies.

Cricket.—The Penzance Club ground is at the top of St. Clare Street, at the higher end of the town, and opportunity is afforded cricketing visitors to join. Minor County matches are played here, and there are also facilities for Soccer, Tennis and Hockey.

Early Closing.—Penzance shops close at 1 p.m. on *Fridays*. On other days between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m. *Market Days*, Thursday and Saturday, when some shops remain open later.

Entertainments.—Repertory performances and concerts are given in the *Pavilion Theatre* on the Promenade. St. John's Hall, in the Public Buildings, is used for concerts and dancing. On the Promenade,

PENZANCE

near the foot of Alexandra Road, is a *Dance Hall*. There are three Cinemas, and bands play in the season on the Promenade and in Morrab Gardens. Annual festival of music by Mousehole Male Voice Choir in August. Recitals in Penlee House by the West Penwith Music Society. Drama Festival at the Minack Cliff Theatre at Porthcurno (*see* p. 88). Annual regatta held mid-July. Frequent carnivals and water polo matches.

Distances from Penzance

	<i>Miles</i>		<i>Miles</i>
Bodmin	46	London (road)	280
Camborne	13	„ (rail)	306
Castle-an-Dinas	4½	Madron	2½
Falmouth (via Helston)	23	Marazion	3½
Gulval	1	Mousehole	3
Gurnard's Head	7	Newlyn	1
Helston	13	Newquay	33
Isles of Scilly	40	Redruth	17
Lamorna	6½	Sancreed	4
Land's End	10	St. Ives	9
Lanyon Quoit	4	St. Ives (via Zennor)	13
Lizard, The	24	St. Just	7
Logan Stone (Treryn)	10	Truro	26

Golf.—The nearest links are those of the *West Cornwall Golf Club* at Lelant. This excellent course of 18 holes is close to the sea in a healthy situation and is easily accessible from Penzance, either by rail *via* St. Erth or by *Western National* bus, Service 17. Apply Secretary (Tel. : Hayle 331911).

Hunting and Shooting.—The Western Hounds meet in the neighbourhood of Penzance on Tuesdays and Fridays during the hunting season. The kennels are situated just beyond Madron. Coursing is very popular. Nearly every parish has its club. There is plenty of rough shooting.

Information Bureau.—104, Market Jew Street (Tel.: 2341).

Libraries.—Public Library in Morrab Road. Lending Department, 10 to 1 and 2.30 to 7, closed all day Friday. Newspaper and reading room, open daily, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. There is also a reference department. Visitors may borrow free on presentation of home tickets.

The *Penzance Library* is housed in the mansion of Morrab Gardens (*see* p. 54). There are also excellent subscription libraries at the local booksellers'.

Museums, etc.—*Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.*—Left wing of Municipal Buildings (p. 53). Open 10–6. Free.

Natural History and Antiquarian Museum and Art Gallery, Penlee House. Open 10–12 and 2–4. Free.

Passmore Edwards Art Gallery.—(*See* p. 59.)

Newspapers.—In addition to the London newspapers, the district is supplied with the *Western Morning News* and the *Cornish Evening Herald*, which are published at Plymouth and the *West Briton*,



(Studio St. Ives)

Godrevy and the Lighthouse

Gurnard's Head

(Studio St. Ives)





(Valentine)

Market Jew Street, Penzance

The Promenade, Penzance

(Valentine)



every Thursday, published in Truro. The local newspaper is *The Cornishman*, published on Thursday.

Population.—The resident population of the town is about 12,000; of the borough, about 20,000.

Postal Information.—Head Office, Market Jew Street, open Mondays to Fridays, 8.30–6. Saturdays, 8.30–6.30. Sundays, 9–10.30. Branch offices on Marine Parade, East Terrace, St. Clare Street, Newlyn, etc.

Railway.—Penzance Station, Western Region main line terminus (Tel.: 2355).

Road Exits from Penzance.—For all places westward of Penzance, Market Jew Street and its westward continuations form the best route. About 2 miles eastward from Penzance station the road forks: *left* for St. Erth, Hayle, St. Ives, Camborne, etc.; *right* for Marazion, Helston, the Lizard, etc.

The road to Newlyn and Mousehole is the south-westward continuation of the Promenade, following the shore all the way. Turn right at Newlyn Bridge for Land's End, left for Mousehole. Keep straight on for Lamorna.

For Land's End, Alverton Road is the way out of Penzance; for St. Just turn to right at top of rise, at "Mount Misery", about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile after crossing the little Lariggan River.

St. Clare Street leads past the Cemetery to Madron, Morvah, etc.

Tennis.—Hard and grass courts in the Alexandra Gardens, bordering the Promenade, and the Gardens nearer Newlyn (*see* p. 55).

The Penzance Tennis Club use courts in the Penlee Memorial Park. Annual open tournament in July. *See also under Cricket.*

PENZANCE

Penzance (*pen-sans*, the holy headland) is the metropolis of the toe of England, its chief business and pleasure centre—a town that has prospered amazingly, considering its isolation, for hundreds of years. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century the turnpike road into Cornwall ended at Falmouth, and a writer of that period states that "there was only one cart in the town of Penzance, and if a carriage occasionally appeared in the streets it attracted universal attention".

The town is built on the side of a hill on the north-west shore of lovely Mount's Bay, 10 miles from the Land's End on the one side and 16 from the Lizard Point direct on the other; and, facing eastwards, it commands the whole expanse of the famous bay, bounded by a succession of undulating hills and sheer cliffs, the continuity broken here and there by coves with sandy

PENZANCE

beaches. Away toward the horizon may be seen a constant succession of ships trailing pennants of smoke as they make their way to or from the Atlantic. Nearer at hand may probably be seen fishing boats from the neighbouring villages of Newlyn and Mousehole, with perhaps some Plymouth, St. Ives, Brixham or East Coast craft.

England has many bays indenting its coast-line, but Mount's Bay stands alone for expansiveness, variety of scene, and last, but by no means least in interest or picturesqueness, for its St. Michael's Mount.

In addition to its bay, Penzance possesses a countryside teeming with interest; on each side of it is a coast-line which for grandeur has few equals and it has a climate unsurpassed in the British Isles for its mildness in winter and for its equability at all seasons.

Yet until comparatively recent years Penzance existed mainly as the centre of a rich agricultural district and a wealthy mineral area. It was and is a market town and until 1838 it was the coinage town of the Stannary of Penwith. (*See* p. 51.)

The construction of the former Great Western Railway resulted in an influx of visitors to the town, which accordingly, began to develop to meet the new demands. A promenade and hotels were built, public gardens laid out, and artificial attractions supplemented the natural charms of Penzance and its bay.

The corporate seal (a coat of arms was granted by the College of Heralds in 1934), consisting of a representation of the head of John the Baptist on a charger, was invented from one of the derivations of the name of the town, which in the Cornish language means holy head, or holy headland (*pen*, head; *sans*, holy), and is supposed to refer to a small chapel dedicated to the patron saint of fishermen, St. Anthony, which it is said once stood near the quay, and dominated the bay. The name, however, has no connection with John the Baptist: that is a myth of the fathers of Penzance. In Domesday Book reference is made to Alwaretone, which then comprised the sites of Penzance, Newlyn and Mousehole, and was apparently one of the most valuable estates in the county. From the time of Edward III there has been a weekly market and an annual fair (Corpus Christi) at Penzance, the week after Whitsun.

The Landing of the Spaniards

Penzance prospered in the sixteenth century, but its fortunes received a check in 1595, when it was pillaged by the Spaniards after they had burned Mousehole and Newlyn. Having escaped the heavy hand of the Spanish Armada, the three little villages were content to think all danger past, when a squadron of Spanish galleys appeared off Mousehole, and two hundred soldiers landed at Mousehole and moved up the hill to Paul. Unprepared for attack, the fishermen fled before the well-trained soldiers, who set the little town on fire and burnt the church of St. Paul on the hill. Newlyn suffered a similar fate and then the invading force moved to Penzance. Here, however, resolute resistance was organized by Sir Francis Godolphin and the Spanish forces were compelled to withdraw. The invasion provided the incentive to augment the English militia and to attack and burn Cadiz.

In 1614 James I granted Penzance a charter of incorporation, which is still preserved in the municipal archives. Possessing a market, an annual fair, and a quay, the new borough prospered greatly, and soon out-distanced its rivals—Mousehole, Newlyn and Marazion. Thenceforward Penzance was the metropolis of the peninsula, though Marazion was the older borough, having been incorporated in 1595 by Queen Elizabeth.

When all England was ablaze during the Civil War, Penzance was at first little disturbed, though it remained loyal to the King. But the Penzance people paid dearly for their loyalty. The Parliamentary soldiers seized the town, and it became a scene of plunder and ruin, and was completely sacked; a disaster which befell it again in the following year. When the persecutions of the Penzance people which marked the years of the Commonwealth were at an end, Charles II, as a recompense for its loyalty, made it a coinage town—that is, a town to which all tin within the Stannary of Penwith and Kerrier had to be brought to have a coin, or corner, cut off, that its quality might be tested. Up to 1838, every hundredweight of metal was thus dealt with and taxed four shillings. In this way the Duchy of Cornwall received about £10,000 a year.

During the seventeenth century, and even so late as the middle

PENZANCE

of the following century, Penzance was subject to visits of piratical bands—Turkish, Algerian and French.

For the last two centuries Penzance has been left in peace to develop into a pleasant clean friendly place—a town of lovely gardens and clusters of small grey stone houses nestling in the curve of beautiful Mount's Bay.

THROUGH THE TOWN

The busiest part of the Land's End road (A30), as it passes through Penzance is known as—

Market Jew Street

Here are many of the principal shops, the **Post Office** and the **Market House**, a domed granite building now occupied by Lloyd's Bank. In front of its classical façade stands a **Statue of Sir Humphry Davy**, the world-famous inventor of the miner's safety lamp, who was born at Penzance in a house almost opposite where the monument now stands. A plaque has been placed on the wall of the property, now a shop, though some authorities contend that his birthplace was Varfell near Ludgvan.



The son of a wood-carver of Penzance, he was born on December 17, 1778. He was a remarkable child, full of quaint conceits, and great at making "thunder powder" and fireworks, and with views of his own as to the best way to catch grey mullet. He was the despair of his schoolmaster at Penzance, and was at length sent to Truro, where he again proved to be an inattentive pupil. Eventually he was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary at Penzance, and his many experiments led the quiet-loving man to exclaim one day, "This boy Humphry is incorrigible! He will blow us all up in the air." When he was nineteen Humphry Davy abandoned medicine and became an assistant at a short-lived Bristol establishment, known as the Pneumatic Institution. Thus this Penzance lad of obscure parentage commenced a career that was to win fame for his name and cast a reflected glory on the town where he was born and misunderstood.

The statue was designed after Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait painted for the Royal Society. It represents Davy in the well-known costume of the portrait, his right hand resting on a safety lamp.

The Market House adds an air of distinction to Market Jew Street, and beyond it, on the right, is the very imposing, if severe, block known as—

The Municipal Buildings

The eastern wing contains the **Guildhall**, used as the Court for the Magistrates, the County Court and for the Quarter sessions. In the same wing are the **Council Chambers**, and Municipal Offices.

In the western wing is the **Museum** of the *Royal Geological Society of Cornwall*. This Museum contains numerous treasures, which have been discovered in the neighbourhood. There are also some rare mineralogical specimens.

The block also contains **St. John's Hall**, the largest public room in the town, used for various types of shows, concerts, dancing, etc. At the rear of the buildings is a large **Car Park**.

On the seaward side of Alverton Street, midway between the Market House and the Municipal Buildings, is a road leading to the northern entrance of **The Morrab Gardens**, of which the lower end is only two minutes from the sea front. This retreat is not merely a well-kept little park—with plenty of trees, and fountains round which goldfish lazily swim—nor is it merely a connecting link between the centre of the Promenade and the west end of the borough, where many of the most desirable apartment-houses and private residences are situated; it is also a standing advertisement to the climate of the town. Probably no public grounds in England can equal the display, in the open air, of so many sub-tropical plants. There is a fine show of palms, and the aloe, myrtle, geranium, camellia and other equally tender plants thrive out of doors all the year round. A good band plays here on Sundays during the summer months and concerts by choirs and visiting bands are also held. At the upper end is an attractive sheltered terrace, well endowed with seats, from which, even in wet weather, an extensive view of the gardens can be enjoyed.

In the mansion of which the Morrab Gardens formed the grounds until the Corporation acquired them some years ago is housed—

The Penzance Library

Admission.—The Library and Reading Room are open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. except on Bank Holidays.

Annual Subscription, 30s. Temporary Members: 6s. 6d. per month, 12s. 6d. per three months, 20s. per six months. Members may borrow four volumes at a time.

The library contains over 35,000 volumes and is especially well stocked with books relating to the history, natural history, geology, mineralogy and antiquities of Cornwall and Devon. In addition to the generous supply of fiction and current literature, there are a student's library, a most interesting and carefully preserved collection of autographs and portraits; some valuable antiquarian and dramatic works, including rare volumes of Shakespearian works in the collection of Halliwell-Phillips; the Dawson-Napoleon collection; the legacies of important philological works, and patristic, theological, and general ecclesiastical lore. A *Reading Room* contains the principal current periodicals and there are facilities for writing and study. A Literary Club meets monthly during the winter, when interesting papers are read or lectures delivered.

Near the upper end of Morrab Road, west of the Gardens, are the **School of Art**, and the **Public Library** (with lending and reference departments and a reading room, *see* p. 48). In front of the Library is an ancient bronze cannon found at Low Lee in 1916. It was part of the armament of a ship of the Spanish Armada. Upon it is a rosary by means of which it has been possible to identify the ship which carried the gun.

The Penlee Memorial Park

To the west of the Morrab Gardens is the Penlee Memorial Park. This fifteen-acre parkland forms the town's War Memorial and is still being developed. Five acres have been set aside for games and recreation and there are several hard and grass tennis courts on which open tournaments are played. There are children's playgrounds, a walled Garden of Remembrance, with a shrine containing a Book of Remembrance to the men of the Borough who died in the two Great Wars and the Boer War, shady walks, well-placed seats and an attractive *Open-air Theatre*. Adjoining the Park is a Soccer football ground—reputed to be the finest in Cornwall.

Just inside the entrance to the Park is the **Penlee Museum** in which are exhibited natural history specimens from the neighbourhood and relics of the town's history. One room has several cases of stuffed birds, etc., another is devoted to archæological finds of flints and pottery, burial urns, old documents and weapons. There are photographs and models of prehistoric huts and burial places, including an interesting model of the 2,000-year-old village of Chysauster (*see* p. 69). In a show case near by, are copies of some of the finest prehistoric gold ornaments ever unearthed in Great Britain. The originals, found at Towednach, are in the British Museum. Temporary exhibitions of art, photography, etc., are held on the ground floor and the Penzance Old Cornwall Society holds monthly meetings in the building.

The old **cross** outside was transferred here from Morrab Gardens in 1953. At one time it stood in the Market Square and marked the centre of the old borough which then occupied a complete circle with a radius of half a mile.

The Sea Front

From the Park, Morrab Road and Alexandra Road lead to the Promenade. At the lower end of Alexandra Road is the **Penzance Club** and hard by the starting point of many of the coaches and buses. The sea-front commands an extensive and magnificent view. On one side the sea-scape is bordered by the steep-sloping hills of Penlee Point, on the other it stretches away to the Lizard, and the broad expanse of Mount's Bay is dominated by the castellated height of St. Michael's Mount.

From Alexandra Road, the sea-front curves south-west to Newlyn. Between the road and the beach are the **Bolitho Gardens**, luxuriant with palm trees and beautiful plants. Here, too, are hard tennis courts, a bowling green, putting green, shelters and seats. Eastward from Alexandra Road is the **Alexandra Sports Ground** with a fine bowling rink, putting green and tennis courts. Adjoining is the **Pavilion Theatre** where summer shows are given each evening. A large café-restaurant with a fine view of the Promenade occupies the ground floor. Further east, the Promenade becomes Battery Road. Here are the terraced **St. Anthony Gardens** with lovely flower beds and a massive

PENZANCE

granite fountain weighing 23 tons. The gardens occupy the site of the ancient chapel of St. Anthony. Opposite is the **Jubilee Bathing Pool**. This fine sea-water bathing station has graduated depths from a shallow end for non-swimmers to 12 feet for diving. There are sun-bathing terraces, a café, a separate corner for children and high-diving platforms. Galas and water polo matches are held weekly in the season.

Nearby are the **Battery Rocks**, named after a minor fortification built in 1740. Here is an open-air bathing-place for men only. On a narrow pier-like projection the coast-guards used to practise gunnery, and on the site of their battery has been erected the local 1914–1918 **War Memorial**, a column of granite blocks on a granite pedestal bearing the names of those who fell. As they belonged to the Merchant Service as well as to the Army and Navy, the monument could not be more appropriately placed than on the border of the sea.

This brings us to the South Pier, the Quay, the road to the Railway Station and—

The Harbour,

which is tidal, and is enclosed by long piers which jut out into the bay. The South Pier forms one side of a Wet Dock with an area of three and a half acres, and a depth of water of 22 feet at high spring tide. On the South Pier is the **Lighthouse**, with a light of 1,000 candle-power, and a fog-horn.

Though not large, the harbour is a busy and interesting place and its quays are a favourite promenade. The arrival and departure of the steamship which plies between Penzance and Scilly is an event of importance and interest, particularly during the flower season, which lasts from the end of January until after Easter. Close by, opposite the crane at the end of a long shed, is the Trinity House depot to which buoys are brought when in need of reconditioning and repainting.

Often one or two of these buoys will be lying on the quay-side waiting their turn to receive attention, and on seeing one at close quarters for the first time many will be surprised at their bulk. Steamer and motor-boat excursions into the Bay and to St. Michael's Mount start here. The daily traffic between Pen-

zance and Scilly, and the frequent comings and goings of small colliers make interesting sights.

A conspicuous landmark overlooking the harbour is—

St. Mary's Parish Church

Made of granite ashlar, like many of the public buildings of the town, it is more noticeable for its fine situation than for beauty. Although the oldest Anglican Church in the town, it is not ancient. In 1824 the resolution was taken to pull down the existing chapel. Ten years later the present church was opened. There being no Lady Chapel, a small space at the eastern end of the north aisle has been utilized instead. A few years ago the bells were recast and a chapel was dedicated to the Holy Childhood. To celebrate the centenary of the present building there was added in 1934 a new altar-piece, painted by Ernest Proctor, A.R.A. On side wings, upholding a canopy 35 feet high, are painted the tower of the church, and the dome of Penzance Market House.

From the pinnaced **Tower** are obtained extensive views of the bay and of the country behind the town—a wonderful panorama.

In the churchyard are an ancient mutilated cross from the old chapel near the Quay, and, on a pedestal, the capstone of the spire of the previous church.



NEWLYN

Approach.—There is a frequent service of buses between Penzance Station, Newlyn and Mousehole; or it is a short and pleasant walk along the shore.

Newlyn, famed as a centre for artists, adjoins Penzance on the west, and is now, together with Mousehole, part of the borough. In recent years it has grown to something more than the humble village of a thousand Academy pictures and is now a busy fishing town. Many of the picturesque old cottages around the harbour front and near the fish-market, which inspired so many artists in the past, have been rebuilt and regretfully their old character has been lost.

The harbour, however, still presents a colourful picture. Here come sails of all hues, craft of all shapes and designs and sailors from many lands. Along the quayside, nets are mended, boats and buoys painted, fish unloaded and packed in boxes. From the quay twist up the steep and narrow cobbled streets with here and there a quaint old building worthy of note. The tiny original quay (now enclosed in a fine and extensive harbour) and the magnificent views over Penzance and round Mount's Bay add to the interest.

The Newlyn School

In 1882 the late Walter Langley, R.I., settled in the village and was soon followed by others all determined to work according to a method then becoming prominent in France. Briefly their aim was to paint directly from Nature and out of doors, and so "to obtain a truer and more realistic impression of nature, by attention to the relative value of tones one to another, with a simple, direct and decisive manner of treatment." Their work shown at the Royal Academy and elsewhere struck in English Art a new note, which became known as that of the "Newlyn School". In its early days, Stanhope A. Forbes, R.A., painted *A Fish Sale on the Beach*, his first important picture of Newlyn life. Here it was that Frank Bramley, R.A., produced *A Hopeless Dawn*, which hangs in the Tate Gallery. Others of the original colony were H. S. Tuke, R.A., and T. C. Gotch, P.R.B.C., R.I. Other artists have been drawn to Newlyn or its neighbourhood, among them S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.A., and Harold Harvey, and have been imbued with the traditions of their predecessors there, and so the "Newlyn School" of painters still exists and exercises (though no longer to the same extent) its influence on English Art.

For most visitors the boundary between Penzance and Newlyn is marked by the **Passmore Edwards Art Gallery** (*open during exhibitions, 10-1, 2-6; admission, 6d.*), beside the main road. Especially interesting is the "Show Day" exhibition of pictures intended for the Royal Academy. The event is of great local importance. In addition to the pictures, there is exhibited beautiful craftwork of all kinds, local and from all parts of the country. Beside the entrance door is a memorial plaque to *Stanhope Forbes, R.A.* It was the work of Newlyn's former sculptor-vicar, the Rev. A. G. Wyon, F.R.S.B.S.

Beyond the Gallery are cross-roads. A few yards to the right is **St. Peter's Church** (*Sunday services 8, 11, 6.30*), a relatively modern building of granite which is interesting for the way in which a heavy-looking interior has been transformed by the judicious use of colour. On the left of the chancel is a very beautiful carving of the Madonna. Nature contributes to the charm of the church the sound of the stream rushing over its rocky bed below the south porch.

To the left from the cross-roads is the picturesque **Ship Institute**, in connection with the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

Beyond it are the quay, the fish-landing stage and the fish market, the roof of which is almost as interesting as the interior, for it is a favourite resort of the gulls—and on a sunny day they are a fine sight with their grey and white plumage. Clustering round the water-side are the cottages, warehouses and other buildings with an inextricable mixture of quaint courts and alleys and archways and gardens, so that no stranger who is tempted to wander from the main traffic way can be sure when he will emerge from the maze-like confusion of dwelling-houses and fish-cellars.

Beside the road which climbs above the harbour is a stone column surmounted by a lantern in memory of Louisa A. M. McGrigor, Commandant V.A.D. Cornwall 22, who died on service in 1917. The thoroughfare a yard or two above the memorial has been facetiously named the *Rue des Beaux Arts*, and not without reason. The cottages have contained some very notable paintings.

The southernmost of the two piers has a *Tidal Observatory*.

The **Lighthouse** displays a white light occulting every ten seconds (light seven seconds, dark three seconds).

The Newlyn Fishing Industry

Although the fine Harbour is never without interest, it is in the early morning that one must be at Newlyn in order to see its **Fish Quay** busy. Then the landing, selling, packing and dispatching of the night's catch—especially in the spring and early summer—is as interesting as it is picturesque. Notwithstanding the decline in its fisheries Newlyn is still one of the most important fishing ports in the kingdom, and has the largest fish market west of Plymouth. The market is also remarkable for its spotless cleanliness, the absence of fish odour, and the hygienic methods of packing the fish. Large quantities of fish—especially in the mackerel season—are landed.

After the mackerel come the pilchards, the fishing for which begins in July.

In times gone by the pilchard was known as the "Cornish Duck". Before the advancement of agriculture enabled the farmer to keep cattle in good condition through the winter by means of crops grown in summer and stored, the salted pilchard or Cornish Duck formed a staple article of food for the workers during the winter, and indeed of the old "sea dogs" of the Royal Navy. During the Middle Ages, Mevagissey held an important position, if not the premier one, among the fishing villages of the West, and supplied the victualling department of the Navy with salted pilchards or Mevagissey Ducks.

It is curious to find that the exportation of pilchards and other fish was not unfettered by the law. In the reign of Elizabeth, Parliament forbade a stranger to carry them abroad unless for every 6 "tunnes" of fish transported he had brought 299 clapboards for the making of casks.

Newlyn pilchard boats, as they put to sea with their dark brown sails filled with the evening breeze, have been painted for many Royal Academy exhibitions. Now the sails have vanished and the boats follow one another out of the harbour in single file, each driven by a noisy motor.

Much damage to local trade has been done by foreign steam

trawlers, which, fishing Cornish fishing grounds with small-mesh nets, have denuded them by annihilating young fish. British law prohibits the use of such nets by our own fishermen, but cannot touch the activities of foreigners outside the three-mile limit.

The pilchard fishery trade, nevertheless, is still a thriving one, and is becoming more lucrative since the establishment in 1949 of a local cannery. Formerly all fish were exported to Italy for canning. The Cornish Cannery now have a factory in Harbour Road. Here pilchards and mackerel are canned the same day as caught. The fish are first gutted, now no longer by hand, but by a machine which deals with 190 fish a minute. As many as 25,000 cases have been completed in one day.



MOUNT'S BAY

Marazion—St. Michael's Mount—Perranuthnoe—Prussia Cove —Prah Sands

So dominating is St. Michael's Mount in the view seaward from Penzance, that it seems to belong to the town, and a visit to it can no more be regarded as an excursion than can a visit to Newlyn, although it is attached to Penzance's eastern neighbour—

MARAZION,

3 miles distant by a flat road or the beach path skirting the sea and the railway.

Marazion is now little more than a straggling village threaded by the narrow main road; but once its scanty population swelled with all the pride of an ancient municipality, and in the reign of Henry V it sent two members to Parliament, a privilege of which it is said to have petitioned to be relieved on the ground that the burgesses were unable or unwilling to pay the salaries of their representatives. It was incorporated in 1595, the year in which the Spaniards despoiled Mousehole, Newlyn and Penzance. Marazion had been plundered by the French eighty-two years before. In 1882 it ceased to be a borough and the two handsome silver maces and other insignia of the Corporation were committed to the custody of the Chairman of the Town Trust.

That Marazion was once commonly known as Market Jew is evident from a passage in Polwheles' *History of Cornwall*, published in 1816: "The hooded or Royston crow, a bird of passage, generally comes and goes with the woodcock, and from its frequenting Market Jew, in particular, is called in the West of Cornwall the Market Jew Crow."

What the present name means is a subject of controversy. It would once have been rank heresy to doubt that Marah Zion (Bitter Zion) was the origin of the word, and that it referred to the Jewish colony supposed to have founded this once prosperous town. There is a traditional story that Joseph of Arimathea himself was connected with Marazion, when he and other Jews traded with the ancient tin-miners of Cornwall. Old smelting-houses in the county have for many years been known as "Jews' houses", and old blocks of tin discovered at intervals have been dubbed "Jews' pieces". But latterly all these theories have been blasted by scepticism, and Marazion is said to be merely an adaptation of Marghas-ion—two markets (history records that formerly two

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

markets were held). Leland describes it at the time of the Reformation as a "great long town", and it was certainly long a port of importance. Some believe it was the destination of the Phœnicians when they came to the county to trade in tin.

Marazion is a pleasant place for those who prefer greater quiet than even a peaceful town like Penzance can give, while still having good facilities for boating, bathing and fishing. And some of its visitors may be drawn to it by its reputation of being one of the warmest places in the kingdom.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

Approaches.—Trains run to *Marazion* from Penzance; from the station to Marazion is a good quarter of an hour's walk. There is also a good bus service from Penzance. During the summer motor-boats ply from Penzance Quay to St. Michael's Mount. Boats may be hired from Marazion Beach for the trip to the Mount when the tide is in and the causeway is covered, which is usually for some 16 hours out of the 24. At low tide it is an excellent walk along the Eastern Beach to Marazion.

Admission.¹—The Chapel, Blue Drawing Rooms, North and South Ter-

aces are open to visitors, admission 1s., on Wednesdays and Fridays at 10.30 a.m. and noon, and 2 and 3.30 p.m. On Mondays during the summer, when additional rooms are open, the admission is 2s. Parties (Schools, Associations, Clubs, etc.), up to 40 in number are admitted at half-price on Wednesdays and Fridays; also Mondays during the summer. For further details apply to The Agent, Manor Office, Marazion. On Sunday mornings visitors are admitted to the Chapel service which begins at 11. Lunches and teas may be obtained on weekdays.

St. Michael's Mount is a lofty isolated mass of rock, some 21 acres in extent, excluding the foreshore, separated from Marazion at high water by about five hundred yards of sea, but at low water connected with the mainland by a stone causeway. Its solitariness and grandeur suggest something of the romantic story that has been woven round it during hundreds of years. The property is now in the ownership of the National Trust.

At its base the Mount is slightly more than a mile in circumference. It rises to a height of over 230 feet above sea-level, where it is crowned by the picturesque castellated mansion of the St. Aubyns, with its conspicuous square tower and a pretty chapel. Along the northern base are several houses and cottages inhabited principally by fishermen and the retainers of Lord St. Levan, with the harbour and two piers on the north side.

The harbour was formerly busy with tin and copper trans-

¹ As the conditions are liable to alteration, inquiry should be made before setting out.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

port and later with china clay. Now there is little business done. The local population numbers about fifty.

At one time the only way up to the castle was by the rough cobbled path up which the public go, but for many years now a light railway has been used to bring stores landed at the harbour through a tunnel under the Mount. On the way is passed a well which supplied the castle with water. There are batteries of guns near the summit. The last gun was fired in 1812 from a battery on the south-east side of the Mount at a privateer chasing a merchantman. There are also to be seen brass guns taken from a French vessel in 1795. They are fired on special occasions of celebration.

The **Castle** occupies the site of the ancient Benedictine Priory (twelfth to fifteenth century). It has been greatly modernized for family residence. The principal feature is the **Chevy Chase Hall**, at one time the refectory of the monks. It has a stuccoed cornice representing a chase in full cry after various animals. Over the fireplace are the royal arms and the dates 1641 and 1660, while the arms of the St. Aubyns dominate the other end of the hall.

The **Chapel**, in the Transition style, has been greatly improved and beautified in late years. It has some interesting old glass but that in the windows in the chancel and in the fifteenth-century rose window is modern and commemorates members of the present family. It replaced thirteenth-century glass which was taken to the dining-room, where it is said to have been originally. The candelabra dates from the fifteenth century. During alterations in 1720 a Gothic doorway on the right side of the east end of the church was discovered. On the masonry being removed, it was found that a flight of stone steps led to a dark vault, in which lay the skeleton of a man, conjectured by some to be the remains of Sir John Arundell, killed in an attack on the Mount in 1471, when attempting to recover it from the Earl of Oxford, who had seized it by a ruse (p. 65).

On the other side of the chapel is a door at the foot of the narrow spiral flight of steps that lead up to the top of the tower, from which a splendid view may be obtained. At the top of this tower is what is called **St. Michael's Chair**. It is the ruin of a stone lantern from which a beacon-light used long ago to be exhibited

for the benefit of the fishermen. The real "chair" is on a crag on the west side of the Mount.

The door opening on to the Chapel terrace is guarded by a portcullis.

The History of the Mount¹

Leland carries the history of the Mount back to a very early date, when St. Michael the Archangel is supposed to have appeared there to a hermit. Coins of Roman times have been discovered—pointing to the fact that the Mount was known to those early visitors to Britain. To this romantic spot St. Keyne is said to have come on a pilgrimage from Ireland in 490, the spot having been hallowed by the above-mentioned appearance of the Archangel Michael. Edward the Confessor granted it to the Abbey of St. Michel on the Normandy coast, to which the Mount bears a striking likeness, and a Priory of Benedictines was established here. It does not appear to have suffered as an alien priory in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries when war was waged against France, nor was it suppressed under the Act of 1414, though it was afterwards assigned, in the time of Henry V, to the nuns of Sion. In 1640 the property passed into the hands of the Bassets from whom, in 1659, it was purchased by the St. Aubyns.

During past centuries St. Michael's played its part as a fastness as well as a shrine and sanctuary. In the time of Henry VI, the Earl of Oxford, the Lancastrian leader, fled to this castle after the battle of Barnet, gaining admission in the dress of a pilgrim, and made a stout resistance until, on a promise of pardon, he surrendered the castle. Twenty years later, when Perkin Warbeck landed at St. Ives and was hailed by the excitable Cornish people as Richard IV, he placed his wife, Lady Catherine Gordon, "The Fair Rose of Scotland," as she was called, in St. Michael's Mount, while he and his followers marched towards London to claim the throne—with what success history records. Fifty years later, when Cornwall rose against the use of the Reformed Prayer Book, St. Michael's Mount was the centre of much fighting. Again in the Civil War it was stoutly attacked by the Parliamentarians, and not less stoutly defended by the Royalists, but eventually the commander, Sir Arthur Basset, an ancestor of a family still honoured in the county, was forced to capitulate and hand over his castle to the Roundheads under Colonel Hammond. With the subsequent fall of Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, after desperate fighting, the Royalist cause in Cornwall collapsed.

In 1659 Colonel John St. Aubyn purchased the Mount from Sir Arthur Basset. A descendant, Sir John St. Aubyn, was raised to the peerage in 1887 and assumed the title of Baron St. Levan. In August, 1954, Lord St. Levan presented the Mount to the National Trust.

¹ Readers interested in a more detailed history of the Mount are referred to *St. Michael's Mount*, by the Rev. T. Taylor, Cambridge University Press, 1932.

MOUNT'S BAY

A Legend of Mount's Bay. As bearing upon the legend that at one time the whole of Mount's Bay was land, and that it was submerged when the fabled Lyonesse was overwhelmed by the sea, it is interesting to note that in a charter of the time of Edward the Confessor the Mount is described as *Sanctum Michaelum qui juxta mare*, while William of Worcester states that "this place was originally enclosed within a very thick wood, distant from the ocean 6 miles, affording the finest shelter to wild animals". The belief is generally held that St. Michael's Mount is the *Ictis* of Diodorus—a view accepted by Max Müller, who stated that "the description which Diodorus gives answers so completely to what St. Michael's Mount is at the present day that few would deny that if the Mount ever was a 'hoar rock in the wood' (this being the English of its old Cornish name), it must have been so before the time of which Diodorus speaks—that is, at least before the last two thousand years". The Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, who made a special study of Mount's Bay, thus describes this tract of country before the sea overwhelmed it:

"Probably the hills were covered to a great degree, save in the rockiest places, with a virgin forest. Here and there, about where Gulval and Marazion now stand, would be the clearings of the Damnonii (the ancient inhabitants) around their beehive huts—of which Chysauster (p. 69) may be a type suffered to remain through long ages—circular wigwams on granite foundations, with now and then a chief's hut with its central court. The Mount was a mere granite pile—the Dinsul, the Castle of the Sun—more of a peninsula than now; but about Gwavas Head (near Newlyn), probably, one would then see a low-lying woodland, which, at every great storm, the ocean threatened to submerge, as at last it did.

"Lo, to the south, ships are coming—strange, quaint, beaked galleys, with bronzed Jewish-looking crews in long Asiatic robes! They enter the Bay, and make for the Mount, the appointed emporium of their trade with the natives, who are jealous of the foreigners landing on the mainland. Out of the beehive huts now stream to the shore little crowds of the natives. They are a fair-skinned, bright-coloured people, and talk in a quaint Celtic language. Their dress is very queer—'long black cloaks and tunics reaching to the feet, girt about the breast', and they are 'walking with staves' in their hands. They make for the Mount, and lead with them their hardy little horses, laden with blocks of tin. These they barter with the Jewish-looking merchants for money, clothes and pottery."

Lord Leighton's picture in the Royal Exchange, London, showing the Phœnicians trading with the Early Britons, will be recalled in this connection.

There is a quaint old legend to the effect that one day Giant Corcoran, who lived on Trencrom-hill, had words with his brother, who lived on St. Michael's Mount. From words they came to stone-throwing, and the great granite boulders which rest on the tops of these two hills are the stones which these quarrelsome giants threw at each other. Another version is that the boulders were used as quoits by the giants.

Eastward from Marazion

About a mile east of Marazion a road goes southward from the Helston road (bus service) to the village of **Perranuthnoe** (*Victoria Inn*), picturesquely situated on a hill-side above a low cliff. At low tide there is a nice stretch of sand, and tea-houses help to make this a popular resort for bathing and picnic parties.

Perranuthnoe church, with a good fifteenth-century tower, is interesting for its carved woodwork and sturdy square font.

As an alternative to the high road from Marazion there is the shore, which affords a somewhat shorter route.

St. Hilary

At Marazion also the visitor is within a mile or so of **St. Hilary**, an inland village reached by following the Helston road until it forks and then bearing to the left. St. Hilary is well known to radio listeners as the scene of Cornish nativity plays. With the exception of the tower and spire, the church was burnt down in 1853. During the rebuilding there were found two inscribed stones which had been used as building material. They are now preserved in the church. All that has been deciphered upon one is the word *Noti*, which occurs more than once. Upon the other is inscribed *Flavio Julio Constantin Pio Cæsare Divi Constantini Pii Augusti filio*. The date is conjectured to be about A.D. 336.

Prussia Cove

Road Route.—From the Marazion-Helston road a by-road opposite *The Falmouth Packet Inn* leads southward for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the Cove. Car park, *free*.

The eastern boundary of Mount's Bay is Cudden Point, on which are **Pixies' Cove**, a fine chasm, riddled with caves, into which the sea rolls with grand effect in rough weather; **Bessie's Cove**, once the site of an inn frequented by smugglers and kept by one Bessie Burrows; and the more famous **Prussia Cove**. Prussia Cove is a very popular little spot. There is good boating and fishing, and the rocks are convenient for diving and for sun-bathing. Cars have to be parked (*free*) in a field at the top of the narrow, hilly lane and path leading down to the Cove.

Early in 1947 the famous battleship H.M.S. *Warspite*, while being towed round the coast to the ship-breakers, broke away in a terrific gale and went aground during a spring tide on the formidable rocks at this point. In the eighteenth century the Cove was the headquarters of a band of smugglers whose leader, John Carter, was called by his followers the King of Prussia, after the hero of those times. Hence the name of the Cove.

It was John Carter who cut the harbours and the road and adapted the caves, and he is the hero of many tales of the "good old days". On one occasion, during his absence from home, excise officers from Penzance came in their boats and confiscated a cargo arrived from France.

PRAH SANDS

On his return and learning the news John Carter explained to his comrades that his reputation as an honest man was at stake to deliver goods to customers on time. He must keep his word. That night armed men broke open the stores at Penzance, and the "King of Prussia" took his own again, returning to the Cove without being discovered.

His audacity led to his own undoing. In 1783 he went so far as to mount some guns on a cliff near his house, and on H.M.S. *Fairy* appearing in sight he thought to frighten the bluejackets by peppering them with shot. The result of this action was that his battery was demolished, and an end put to his smuggling exploits.

Prah Sands

A mile eastward of the Cove is the beginning of Praa or **Prah Sands**. The spot offers good bathing, but there is some danger due to "ridging" of the sands and visitors are advised to find out from local inhabitants the state of tides, currents, etc. It is a popular resort, particularly with caravanners; there are well-equipped refreshment rooms. With the building of some attractively placed houses, Prah Sands may be said to have taken the first step towards becoming a holiday resort. The curious name originated as Praze sands—Praze meaning "a common or meadow". From the sands a lane leads up to the restored **Pengersick Castle**, (now a privately-owned farm), associated with many old Cornish stories. Some of the most entertaining legends and folk-lore of this picturesque district are in Baring-Gould's *Book of the West*.



WALKS AND EXCURSIONS FROM PENZANCE

While a great number of the attractive spots in West Cornwall can be reached from Penzance by rail, bus, or car, there are many beauties only revealed to the walker who goes through lanes and along field-paths, who on the coast follows the coast-guard path or who leaves it only here and there to get nearer to the sea.

Cornishmen are hospitable folk and a farmer has no objection to strangers passing over fields and moors forming part of his holding if gates which have to be opened are shut again and footpaths followed if these exist. But he naturally objects to crops being trodden down, and to gates found closed being left open.

I. TO GULVAL, CASTLE-AN-DINAS AND CHYSAUSTER

Road Route.—Follow Marazion road for about a mile and there turn left for Gulval (*The Coldstreamer Inn*); or turn left at Chyandour and almost at once to right. Follow a pretty, winding road for about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, then turn down to the right ("To St. Ives, B 3311"). Cross stream, turn left and in 100 yards turn right for Gulval.

From north side of Gulval Church take the lane (or from west end of village take by-road) to Badger's Cross, where bear left for Chysauster, or right for Castle-an-Dinas (*see below*).

Ludgvan may be visited on the way home by taking the turning at Castle Gate and from Ludgvan returning by Gulval—the prettier route—or via the St. Erth road.

For Chysauster direct, turn left at Chyandour, almost at once right and continue along Gurnard's Head road to a right turn beyond New Mills. Bus passengers should proceed to New Mills alighting at request stop after the direction post "To Chysauster". This indicates a narrow footpath on the right, which curves and twists for about a third of a mile to the hut circles.

We leave Penzance by the Marazion road and about half a mile from the Market House arrive at Chyandour. The simplest route thence is to continue along the Marazion road for nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ mile farther and there turn to the left. Gulval Church will be reached in less than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. A more attractive route for pedestrians is by the path leaving the Marazion road beside the stream about 100 yards beyond Chyandour.

LUDGVAN—CASTLE-AN-DINAS

Gulval Church (Sunday services 11 and 6) is one of the most beautifully situated churches in the West or South of England. The churchyard, largely shaded by trees, is brightened by many sub-tropical plants—*dracænas*, *yuccas*, *hydrangeas*, and others—while flourishing palms bear testimony to the mildness of the climate. It is an old church, carefully restored and greatly embellished by the Bolitho family, the many memorials to whom, all worked in warm-veined Derbyshire felspar, give a distinct richness to the interior. The north lych-gate is composed of the arcading of the twelfth-century transept.

Some of the best agricultural land in England is in Gulval parish, and the flower industry is regaining its pre-war importance. During the spring, fields of narcissi in bloom lend additional interest to the district.

Westward of the village, on a cart road past the Cornish stone factory at Trevaylor Stream is an ancient “bleu” stone, a standing block dating from Romano-British times.

North-east of Gulval, about two miles distant, is **Ludgvan**, of which the celebrated Cornish antiquary, Dr. Borlase, was rector from 1722 to 1772. His tomb is in the church. In the tower is a very ancient inscribed stone.

The wide lane opposite the north side of Gulval Church climbs steeply and in about a mile reaches *Badger's Cross*, where we take the right-hand road, and follow it for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the hamlet of Castle Gate. Here a road on the right comes up from Ludgvan, and opposite a track goes between houses on left and up to Castle-an-Dinas; or follow road for another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and take track to left just after road has made a sharp left-hand turn and before it goes to right again. **Castle-an-Dinas** (765 feet) is interesting as the site of a hill-fort, but its more general appeal is based upon the really magnificent views over Mount's Bay and a great part of Western Cornwall.

The remnants of walls of the fort enclose the foundations of circular huts and a well. The modern square tower serves as a direction-point for those tramping over the moor. It was built in the eighteenth century by the owner of the land.

It is a pleasant walk of about a mile from the top of Castle-an-Dinas to Chysauster, towards the south-west. The road route to Chysauster branches off at Badger's Cross (*see above*). About half a mile beyond the point where wires cross the lane, a notice board on the right indicates the path leading in a few hundred

yards to the remains of **Chysauster**, an ancient village that is now the property of the nation, thanks to the generous gift of Colonel C. R. R. Malone, of Trevaylor. For route Penzance-Chysauster direct, *see* p. 69.

This prehistoric village was inhabited in the two centuries between 100 B.C. and A.D. 100; it has been partially excavated on more than one occasion. Two of the houses have long been known to visitors, a third was excavated in 1928 and since then five more have been uncovered. The eight houses range either side of a wide street and are imposing stone-built structures, 70 to 90 feet in length and with walls still 3 to 6 feet in height, and in places, 15 feet thick. The principal feature is a large open court into which open small stone-roofed, side chambers; at the end of the court is the principal living-room, containing the household quern-stone, which was probably covered by a wooden roof. In one house the quern has been built up into the jamb of the entrance to the living-room, but its usual position was in the centre of the chamber's floor. The excavation of 1928 revealed obvious traces of a busy tin-washing industry on the site, and no doubt in "towns" such as this the earliest Cornish tin-workers made their home. Associated with the "town" are the remains of a *fougou*, or subterranean stone-lined passage apparently once connecting the village with the tin-stream in the valley. The site is well tended by the Ministry of Works. It is a fascinating place in which to browse and potter on a summer day and relive in imagination the busy precarious life of this 2,000 years-old village. The pottery and other finds made in this settlement can now be seen in the Penlee Museum at Penzance, where also are to be seen copies of some of the finest prehistoric gold ornaments ever unearthed in Great Britain.

From Chysauster, Penzance, 4 miles distant, may be regained by the Zennor road by way of New Mill and **Trevaylor**, a total distance of over 9 miles. On regaining the road from the Hut cluster turn to the right; turn left at the corner by Chysauster Farm and left again on reaching the St. Ives road by New Mill. From Trevaylor a glorious view of Mount's Bay is obtained and it is itself a lovely valley.

Alternatively, a return can be made *via* Madron (*see* below). From opposite New Mills Post Office go a few steps along the Ding Dong Road to a footpath in front of the cottages. Follow this rocky path (muddy after rain) as far as the road, where turn left and continue to the signpost "To Heamoor and Penzance". Go along this road for 150 yards to the blacksmith's cottage. The road continues to the left, but pedestrians can take the footpath which ascends behind the smithy. This leads direct to Madron Post Office and Church.

II. TO MADRON CHURCH, WELL, AND BAPTISTERY

Road Route.—To Madron as below. The church is on left, at top of hill. For the Well and Baptistery follow Morvah road for about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile beyond Madron, then turn off on right. In about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile this lane turns to left, at the point where are the gates mentioned below. Car must be left here (lane on left leads only to farm) and Well visited on foot.

This excursion is easily combined with that to Lanyon Quoit, as described later.

These are situated to the north-west of Penzance, which we leave by Causeway Head and St. Clare Street. It is as well to take a bus as far as Madron: any superfluous energy can be put to good account beyond the village. About a mile from the Esplanade we pass through **Heamoor**, a hamlet in which John Wesley preached, standing on a rock which was built into the wall of the chapel erected by his followers.

As we ascend towards Madron there is a foretaste of the fine views over Mount's Bay which are a feature of this excursion.

Madron Church, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Penzance Esplanade and 380 feet above sea-level, is the mother church of Penzance, the village being a much older place than the now flourishing town. The building replaced one of Norman architecture which was held by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. The oldest parts are the font and the Norman base of a pillar at the east end of the south aisle. The rood-stair doorway is in the south aisle, and on the opposite side of the church is a corresponding recess. Most of the woodwork (linen-panel bench-ends in the body of the church, side screens of chancel and low chancel screen) is modern, but a few pieces of old carving are worked into the chancel screen, and in the south aisle of the chancel are fourteenth-century bench-ends, found under the floor. During renovations in 1936 an inscribed stone was found in the Norman west wall.

On the bank at the west end of the graveyard is an ancient *granite cross*. On the north side of the enclosure is a curiously solid and unprepossessing mausoleum. More interesting is the epitaph of George Daniel, who founded the schools. It reads:

Belgia me birth: Britain me breeding gave;
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.

To reach—

Madron Well and Baptistery,

about a mile farther, we continue through the village to a group of buildings known as *Tally-Ho*. Leaving these on the right we arrive at a field and are faced by a stone stile. From it goes a footpath which soon forks. By taking the right-hand branch, passing through several fields and negotiating stiles, we come to a cart-road. Turn right along this for a few yards when three gates will be seen. We take that on the extreme left and follow

the footpath running from it. Where the path forks we take the left branch and then keep straight on ignoring path to the field and following the wide grassy path to a stone stile. About 130 yards ahead, on the left is a low-placed signboard, one arm of which points to the position of the **Wishing Well**, now dry, the water from its spring being conducted into the village for household use. It is reached *via* a narrow cinder path through the bracken. To reach the **Baptistery**, retrace the way to the signboard and follow the direction indicated by the other arm. A short way ahead are the remains, reduced to ruins by the Puritans in the seventeenth century. The walls are standing and inside are remains of stone seats and the altar slab.

Good walkers can get a fine continuation of this excursion by taking the route to Lanyon Quoit described below. A shorter extension is that to **Trengwainton Carn**, a rocky eminence slightly to the left of the Morvah road and about a mile from Madron Church. To regain the Morvah road take the lane *facing* the gate across the Madron well path: the main road is barely 400 yards distant. Turn right, and in a few hundred yards go over the stone stile on left at bend of road where it begins to rise. Follow path beside garden for about 150 yards and then turn left across the turf to the rocks ahead. On the way will be seen the remains of an ancient cross. The Carn is a splendid place for a picnic and commands one of the finest views across Mount's Bay to the cliffs of the Lizard. It is private property and the making of fires, etc., is not allowed except by permission.

III. TO LANYON QUOIT—NINE MAIDENS—MULFRA QUOIT

Road Route.—To Madron as in Route II. Continue past *Tally-Ho* and in half a mile climb hill. At fork near top keep to left, along Morvah road and Quoit will be seen on right of road about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile farther. The road to Ding Dong is that to the *right* at the above-mentioned fork.

Motorists should not overlook the fact that at Lanyon they are but a mile or two from the north coast—an attractive alternative way back to Penzance is *via* Morvah, Pendeen and Newbridge.

Buses.—The Pendeen—Penzance and other buses pass the Cromlech; but time-tables should be consulted.

Lanyon Quoit is one of the finest cromlechs in England, in spite of the damage that has been done to it. As it stands about

2 miles north of Madron Church, the walking route is that sketched in No. II, as far as the spot where one reaches a cart-track and can see on the right the gate through which one passes to Madron Well. Now instead of making for the gates we go ahead and soon pass a cross on our right. The road presently divides into a cart-track to the right and a footpath to the left. This footpath leads uphill over several stiles and across fields until we enter a high road at a point where stands a signpost pointing to Lanyon, Morvah, Gurnard's Head—Ding Dong (a shaft and engine-house of the mine are seen on the ridge)—Madron and Penzance.

We follow our road and shortly come to a stile on the right. A footpath from here cuts off a corner, but must be used with care. Alternatively the road can be followed all the way; the **Quoit** can be seen on the skyline ahead of us. In the distance it looks like a bench.

The cromlech is only a few yards from the high road. It consists of a capstone 17 feet 4 inches long, 8 feet 9 inches wide, and 1 foot 6 inches thick, supported on three granite slabs about 5 feet high. In Dr. Borlase's time a horseman could ride beneath it. In 1815 it was overthrown by a violent storm. In 1824 it was replaced by the machinery used in replacing the Logan Rock (p. 84), but not at its original height. This was found impossible and so the supports were shortened, a proceeding which destroyed the archæological interest of the monument. Lanyon Quoit dates from about 1500 B.C. It has recently been presented to the National Trust by the Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall.

Continuing our cross-country ramble, from Lanyon we take the track which goes off north-eastward to the **Ding Dong Mine**, 1 mile, the oldest and most romantic deserted mine in the country. The disused engine-house is a sufficient guide. The hill on which it stands affords a magnificent view. *Great care should be taken as undergrowth often conceals disused mine-shafts.*

On the hill north of the mine, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from it (go first north-east and then north), are the remains of a stone circle called the **Nine Maidens**, 6 miles from Penzance. Only six of the original twenty-two stones are erect. The south side of the circle is interrupted by a low cairn, near the centre of which are the remains of a small cist.

Nearly 1½ miles north-west of the Ding Dong Mine is **Carn Galva**, a magnificent tor close to the coast. A hardly discernible moorland track leads to **Mên-an-Tol** ("Stone of the hole"), locally known as the Crickstone. There are two upright stones 3 and 4 feet high and midway between them a slab pierced by a hole nearly 2 feet in diameter. Whatever the early use of this curious stone, it was until recently regarded as a charm, persons being passed through the hole to effect a cure of some ailment.

About midway, too, is a granite monolith known as the **Mên Scryfa**, or inscribed stone. Deeply graven upon it are the words *Rialobran Cynoval Fil* (Rialobran the son of Cynoval). The letters are not later than the fifth century. Of the named nothing is known.

Near *Bosporthennis* (pronounced *bosprennis*), a mile or so east of Carn Galva, is the site of an ancient British village. Until a few years ago one of the huts still had its domed roof.

For **Mulfra Quoit** we go eastward from the Nine Maidens to Mulfra Hill. The two points are about a mile apart. On the south-east side of the hill is the quoit or cromlech. The capstone has fallen, but three sides of the cist it covered remain. From it the return can be made to Penzance (4 miles) by the Zennor road.

Note.—The bus between Penzance and Zennor passes New Mill for Ding Dong.

IV. TO CASTLE HORNECK AND TREREIFE (*treeve*)

Castle Horneck ("The Iron Castle") is a little over a mile west of Penzance. It stands amid picturesque and well-wooded grounds, crowning a sylvan valley of rare beauty and is believed to have been the ancient home of the Barons, Le Tyes, who flourished in the time of Edward II. Parts of an old building are built into the present eighteenth-century mansion of the Borlases. It is now used as a Youth Hostel.

The town is left by way of Alverton Road (*bus route*). Alverton Bridge is soon reached. Instead of following the main road over the bridge, we take the branch road which goes to the right. Having followed it for a short distance we come to the lodge gate to the drive to Castle Horneck. The drive is a public footway and we follow it to the house gate and there take a walled lane which goes off sharp to the left.

This lane leads into the main St. Just road. Turn left along the main road; in a few yards, just before the A.A. Box, is a stile on the right of the road. From here a field path leads across two fields to a short lane. Go along the lane until it meets the road, where turn left past **Trereife House**—a fine seventeenth-century

mansion—to the *Trereife cross-roads*. Penzance can be regained either by turning left along the main road ($1\frac{1}{4}$ miles) or continue along the road to Newlyn and the sea-front.

V. TO SANCREED AND BOSCAWEN-UN

(For about three-fourths of the excursion use can be made of the bus service between Penzance and Treen, or that between Penzance and the Land's End.)

From **Drift**, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the main road westward from Penzance, a road on the right leads to—

Sancreed

Its only claim to the title of village is apparently the fine fifteenth-century **Church**, embowered in trees. It is a charming spot, and many of its beauties have been transferred to canvas by Stanhope Forbes, R.A. The building has been carefully restored and is an excellent specimen of a Cornish church. The interior contains admirable carved wood, old and new, and the panelled and carved roof of the chancel is particularly noteworthy. In the churchyard is a beautifully ornamented eleventh-century cross, and on the churchyard wall is a wheel cross, or sun emblem.

Between Sancreed and the Penzance—Land's End main road is a fine menhir, known as **Tregonebris Stone**, or the **Blind Fiddler**.

There are two or three ways of reaching the far more interesting relic, **Boscawen-Un**, the Druidical circle of stones. Perhaps the simplest approach is from the main Penzance to Land's End road (A30). One mile after passing the turning on left to St. Buryan, look out for a white gate marked "Boscawen Noon" (on left). Pass through the gateway, and walk along the lane which leads to the farm of that name. The circle is reached at the end of the cart-track after about 10 minutes' walk. The centre stone of Boscawen-Un will be seen leaning at an angle of 45° , among the bracken and brambles.



"They rise from a circular patch of primeval moorland, and no highway or roaming

cattle desecrate their eloquent silence. The great centre stone is *in situ*, though leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees to the eastward; and the surrounding nineteen are all erect. Each stone is exquisitely draped with many-coloured lichens on a dove-grey ground; while the central monolith is appropriately crowned with pale gold. A tangle of bracken, heath, whinbush and heather surrounds them, rivalling the finest mosaic in hues." *From Land's End to the Lizard*, by A. G. Folliott Stokes.

On the site the Cornish Bards meet for the colourful ceremony of the Gorsedd which is conducted in the Cornish language, with robes and tribal ritual.

Other items of interest in the Sancreed area include Chapel Euny, site of an ancient village attributed to the Iron Age, and where are remains of healing springs, and the ancient chapels at Bosence and on Chapel Downs. A good example of chambered round barrows is to be found at Brane.

VI. TO ST. BURYAN

There are three routes:

- (a) By the Land's End road to Crows-an-wra and then to St. Buryan (1½ miles) or to Catchall and thence 2½ miles along the road to Treen.
- (b) *Via* Newlyn, Chyoone, Sheffield and Boskenna Cross. Total distance about 6 miles. There is a bus service all the way.
- (c) *Via* Lamorna Cove (p. 81), to which launches go daily from Penzance. The distance is less than 4 miles from the Cove, and the route passes the Merry Maidens and the Pipers (p. 83).

We reach Drift as described in Walk V, and thence continue along the main road.

St. Buryan

The name is supposed to perpetuate the memory of St. Buriana, a King's daughter and Irish saint who dwelt here in the fifth century. Now the village is only noticeable for its **Church**, one of the most interesting in West Cornwall.

Close to the entrance to the churchyard is an ancient cross and there is the head of another close to the south porch. The greater part of the church is of the fifteenth century. In the north wall of the sanctuary is a rude arch which is part of the church built in 1238. The south aisle still retains much of the ancient carved timbers and wall-plates. In the north aisle is a thirteenth-century tomb with a Norman-French inscription: "Clarice, wife of Geoffrey de Boleit lies here. God of her soul have mercy; who pray for her soul shall have ten days' pardon."

The central part of the old rood-screen has been reconstructed. In the upper portion are hunting scenes, warfare between animals and birds and grinning heads. Part of the screen on the south side was constructed by Belgian refugees in 1915. The unusual

ST. BURYAN

size of the rood-loft stairway indicates that the rood-loft was used for ceremonial purposes and special choral effects.

The font is early fourteenth-century.

The building is dominated by a tower over 90 feet high, which, the ground being 400 feet above sea-level, is a conspicuous object for miles round.

The churchyard contains some curiously inscribed stones. On a tombstone between the churchyard cross and the gate, for instance, is the oft-quoted inscription:

"Our life is but a winter day,
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay,
And are full fed;
The oldest only sups and goes to bed.
Largest is his debt who lingers out the day.
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

Augustus Smith, the famous Lord Proprietor of the Scilly Isles in the nineteenth century, is buried here.

St. Buriana, after whom the village is supposed to be named, is believed to have been one of the many Irish saints who, between A.D. 450 and 550, landed where now is St. Ives, with the object of advancing the Christian faith. Success attended their efforts and many chapels and oratories were dedicated to their honour. At the shrine of St. Buriana, King Athelstan vowed that if successful in his contemplated conquest of the Isles of Scilly, he would found in her honour a college of priests. Having annexed the islands he performed his vow. That was A.D. 930. The college is mentioned in Domesday Book and the parish church of St. Buryan is a successor of that which King Athelstan erected in connection with his college. The college consisted of a dean and three prebendaries and their four ancient stalls may still be seen in the chancel. The choir of St. Buryan wear red cassocks in honour of its royal foundation, a distinction shared only by two other Cornish churches—Falmouth and Probus.

On the farm of Bosliven, about a mile south-east of the Church, are the remains of a small oratory, or possibly the tithe barn where contributions for the support of the church were stored.



VII. TO MOUSEHOLE

Road Route follows the shore from Penzance Esplanade to Newlyn, where turn left and continue along the cliff road past Harbour and the busy Penlee Quarries. Car Park on Quay, 6d.

There is a frequent bus service between Penzance and Mousehole (*Ship Inn*) and boats run in summer. The distance from Newlyn is only 2 miles, and this part

of the route at least may be walked in order that the scenery across Mount's Bay may be fully enjoyed. The route is somewhat marred by having to pass the extensive and dusty Penlee Quarries, and by the fact that blasting is carried out twice a day, when all traffic is held up for several minutes as a safety measure. It is the quaintness of the village which renders an excursion to Mousehole so attractive.

About midway between Newlyn and Mousehole is **Penlee Point**, where is stationed a twin-screw motor **lifeboat**, one of the largest and most powerful of the Institution's fleet. This is the vessel that rescued the skeleton crew of H.M.S. *Warspite* when she went aground in 1947 at Prussia Cove, due east across the bay.

Half a mile or so south of the point is **St. Clement's Isle**, forming a natural and valuable breakwater at the mouth of Mousehole Harbour. Long ago it was the abode of a hermit, and it is from him that the island takes its name.

In its turn the island helped to name the neighbouring fishing village which, from its situation with respect to the island, was called Porth Enys, the "island port". Its present name is locally pronounced *mow-sell*, and is said to be a corruption of a lost Cornish word, *mouzel*. Once the place was of importance, a considerable trade passing through.

Now Mousehole is, like its northern neighbour, a fishing village, only more so—more quaint, with more reminders of old days. It lies in a valley by the sea, where its little harbour, filled with fishing boats, tells of its only industry. It has no other claim to notice than that it is to-day as it was yesterday—an unsophisticated Cornish fishing village un-reformed by artists, and unspoiled by vandals. It would be difficult to thread one's way among the "bends and hitches" into which the "streets" of Mousehole have got twisted without running against the interesting old manor-house, once known as the *Keigwin Arms*, although it is not now a licensed hostelry and has recently been divided up into private residences. It is the oldest building in Mousehole, and although considerably "restored" in 1946-7 is still an excellent example of Elizabethan style domestic architecture. As far back as 1595, when the Spaniards surprised the good people of the village and burnt the church of Paul on the



hill, this house was in existence, and in it reposed the cannon-ball which is said to have killed the owner, Jenkin Keigwin by name. A sword owned by him is exhibited in the Penzance Museum. The walls of the Keigwin Arms are of the old-fashioned solid order, four feet thick, and tradition states that the timbers grew in the forest, now submerged, that surrounded St. Michael's Mount. To reach the house from the harbour go up the road which faces the War Memorial, where the road forks go

right, and at the next turning, bear left.

On the coast, about ten minutes' walk from the Keigwin Arms, is **Mousehole Cave**. Although somewhat difficult of access, it receives a few visitors. For a small gratuity any fisherman will act as guide.

Those who desire to see something more of this district before returning to Penzance can go to **Lamorna** (p. 81), about a couple of miles southward, by a very fine walk over the cliffs, or can go a mile inland to **Paul**, at the head of one of the two converging combs at the mouth of which Mousehole is situated. Or one may return by motor-boat from Mousehole harbour.

VIII. TO PAUL

The Penzance and Treen buses pass through Paul, which is about two miles from Newlyn Bridge, and the village can also be reached *via* Mousehole, to which buses run. From Mousehole the route is up the street opposite the War Memorial.

Road Route.—The most direct way from Penzance is by the road facing one at the cross-roads just beyond Newlyn Art Gallery. It is, however, a very steep, long hill. Turn left about a mile from Newlyn. The alternative route is *via* Mousehole: also with a steep hill.

Against the gate opposite the south-east corner of the church is a granite obelisk commemorating the life and death of Dorothy Pentreath (*see* p. 20, Introduction), commonly said to have been the last person to have spoken the old Cornish language, though there are rival claimants in William Bodener of Mousehole and John Davey (1812–91) of Boswednack near Zennor (*see* p. 39). The inscription runs:



(J. Salmon Ltd.

Penlee Gardens, Penzance

Newlyn Harbour
(Valentine)





(A. F. Kersting)

St. Michael's Mount

Porthcurno, from near Treryn Dinas

(J. Salmon Ltd.)



"Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this county from the earliest records till it expired in the eighteenth century, in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte in union with the Rev. John Garrett, Vicar of St. Paul. June, 1860.

"Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—Exod. xx. 12.

"Gwra perthi de taz ha de mam; mal de Dythiow bethenz hyr war an tyr neb an arleth de Dew ryes dees."—Exod. xx. 12."

The church contains a few portions of the ancient building destroyed by the Spaniards (p. 51). The pulpit is a memorial of the Rev. Robert Wesley Aitken, who after having been Vicar 35 years "migravit ad Dominum MCMXI". In the south aisle is a Cornish epitaph to Captain Stephen Hutchens, who left a bequest for the Church and for the erection of an Almshouse called the *Gift House* adjoining the church.

The stone is dated 1709. The inscription is probably the only one extant in the county, of all those which were set up while the Cornish language was in use. It runs thus:

Bounas heb dueth, Eu poes karens wei
Tha Pobl Bohodzhak Paull Han Egles nei.

The epitaph has been translated:

"Eternal life be his whose loving care
Gave Paul an almshouse and the Church repair."

IX. TO LAMORNA

Road Route *via* Newlyn and Paul Hill. Disregard turnings to Paul and beyond Sheffield keep to right. The turning for Lamorna is on left just beyond a succession of sharp bends and a sudden descent to a stream.

Buses leave Penzance three or four times a day, passing up over the hill behind Newlyn and proceeding to Treen (for the Logan Rock). Passengers for Lamorna get out at Lamorna Gate. From the bus or coach stop there is a steep descent to the cove—about 10 minutes walk, cars can go right to the cove. *Car Park*.

Lamorna is 5 miles by road from Penzance. The walking route to it is through Mousehole, 3 miles (p. 80).

Boats in the season between Lamorna and Penzance.

From Mousehole we ascend the steep road which follows the cliff-top south of the harbour, but instead of taking the road which presently strikes up to the right we keep straight on, and about 150 yards beyond the last of the cottages go up some steps on the right. These are the beginning of a footpath which soon

joins another, and runs more or less parallel with the coast along the sea-slopes and commands exquisite views. From time to time the path becomes a farm-road as it passes successively through the farm hamlets of **Lower, Middle and Upper Kemyell**. From the last-named the path gets narrow and steep as it drops to the pretty hamlet of **Lamorna**, (*Lamorna Inn*) at the head of the cove.

After reading the effusive descriptions of the beauty of Lamorna Cove, handed down from writers of the past, many visitors express some disappointment when they reach this pretty but over-publicised spot—particularly if they have previously seen Kynance, Mullion, Trevaunance and other more beautiful Cornish coves.

Nevertheless, Lamorna is well worth a visit and, indeed, is very fine in its own wild, untidy way, especially when viewed from the left, or eastern side. It is unfortunate in possessing a "beach" consisting entirely of large granite boulders, while a deserted quarry scars the cliffs. Recently the harbour has been cleared of rocks and a sandy beach is exposed at low tide. There are grassy slopes and the boulders provide excellent view-points and picnic spots.

A quay was built many years ago from which small "coasters" used to load the granite from the headland, so much disfigured by deserted quarries. The cove is gradually being developed to provide increased facilities for visitors. The quay has been rebuilt, and a small promenade and car parks provided. Teas may be had at a café and some of the cottages and there is good bathing just round the corner at Carn Barges.

The trout stream which comes down the wooded and flower-strewn valley adds greatly to the beauty of the spot.

At Lamorna some of the later artists of the Newlyn School have made their home and an exhibition of pictures by local artists is usually held each summer.

Most visitors are content to walk or ride up and down the valley road, but it is worth diverging a short way along the narrow lane beside the Post Office. Here is a lovely corner, rich with trees and flowers. A miniature fall drives a water wheel, and a cascade of sparkling water tumbles into the trout stream below.

From Lamorna we can easily visit the Merry Maidens and the Pipers. The simplest route is westward along the main road (to the left) from the end of the valley; as the hill is climbed the Pipers, two pillar stones about 12 feet high and 120 feet apart, peer over a wall on the *right* just beyond the farm, as the road bends to the right. They were the men who made the music for the dancing maidens—the **Merry Maidens**—who now appear in the guise of a circle of nineteen stones, and all because they made merry on a Sunday. The circle of stone “maidens” can be seen in a field on the *left* on the far side of a derelict cottage just over the brow of the hill, about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile beyond the Pipers.

The stones are near to the hamlet of **Boleigh** (*belay*). The name signifies “a place of slaughter” and the spot to which it has been given is said to be that where Athelstan finally vanquished the Cornish in 936. At Boleigh is a remarkable *fougou* (underground passage, or cave) lined and roofed with slabs of granite.

The Penzance bus can be joined at Boleigh.

COAST WALKS

The walks to Newlyn, Mousehole and Lamorna might come under this heading, for by good walkers those places can be reached afoot from Penzance and the return journey can be made in the same way without excessive fatigue; but for the walks we are about to describe it will be necessary for all but really strong walkers to make use of buses for reaching the coast or for returning from it. Many indeed will probably prefer to ride both ways.

Warning.—Owing to undergrowth paths are not always clearly defined, and in consequence, to the unwary and inexperienced some sections of these coast walks can be dangerous.

I. LAMORNA TO THE LOGAN ROCK ($5\frac{1}{2}$ miles)

Good walkers can add this walk to that from Mousehole to Lamorna. Those, however, who wish to start from Lamorna can reach that place by boat from Penzance or Mousehole, or by bus. The nearest stop for bus passengers is Treen, from whence it is a $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile walk to the Rock.

The first point after leaving Lamorna for this walk along the

coast is *Tater-du*. Thence we go round a bay and across a combe to **Boscawen Point**, where granite is finely piled up, and the end of our jaunt is in view, for **Treryn (treen) Dinas**, the site of the Logan Rock, stands boldly out to sea a couple of miles to the westward. From Boscawen Point we turn away a little from the cliffs to avoid bad going and then descend into a charming little wooded valley by which we rejoin the coast at **St. Loy's Cove**. Sheltered from the north and west winds by tree-clad hills and from the east winds by Boscawen Point, and faced by the warm sea-water, it is, in winter, one of the warmest spots in England.

From the top of the next headland, **Merthen Point**, we look right into **Penberth Cove**, a wild and picturesque spot, with its giant boulders on every hand and its "beach" paved with great flat stones to form a slipway for the small motor-boats used by the local fishermen. A large windlass at the head of the slipway; a few very substantially built stone cottages; some lobster pots, fishing nets and other gear complete an attractive scene. But the Cove is a mile away, and between us and it are a pair of combes and the headland of *Pedn sa wanack*. On the western side of Penberth cove is **Cribba Head**, "the crested head", and half a mile farther is **Treryn Dinas**. Tintagel Castle, on the north-west coast of Cornwall, has, owing to its association with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, a wider fame, but the cliff castle of Treryn is not one whit less romantically situated. It is approached across the ridge of an isthmus, and still exhibits an earthwork, a triple vallum, and a fosse, forming a triple line of defence. The castle consists of a huge pile of rocks, grotesquely shaped and rising to a great height. On the western side, near the top, is the Logan Rock.

The Logan Rock is said to weigh over 65 tons. To reach it a little climbing is necessary, but to those not troubled with over-sensitive nerves there is neither difficulty nor danger, and some who arrive at it may say there is no reward. Dr. Borlase, the great Cornish antiquary of the eighteenth century, said of the rock: "It is morally impossible that any lever, or indeed force however applied in a mechanical way, can remove it from its present situation." This statement was in 1824 the indirect cause of the stone being overthrown. Lieutenant Goldsmith, a nephew of the poet, when cruising off the coast, determined to prove that Dr. Borlase was wrong. Landing with a dozen sailors, he succeeded in dislodging the giant rock, which rumbled down from its lofty perch. This foolhardy action occasioned such indignation in the neighbourhood that the Admiralty compelled the officer to replace the stone. This was done after much exertion and at great expense, but the stone has never "logged" with the same ease as before. Another stone is called the Logging Lady.

It is comforting to reflect that the promontory bearing Treryn Dinas and the Logan Rock is now in the possession of the National Trust.

In recent years it has been discovered that this part of the coast is a haunt of the giant tunny, though fishermen find it extremely difficult to hook the Cornish tunny.

While in this neighbourhood it is interesting to recall its connection with *The Golden Treasury*, that classic which so many have loved, and which still has its ardent lovers. The work had, as may be remembered, a romantic, almost heroic origin. If we had been here on a certain day in 1860, we might have seen five men, men obviously of mark and might, "traversing the wild scenery of Treryn Dinas" and talking as they stride along. At first all talk together. Then from time to time a hand shoots up. They have made a rule that whoever wants the ear of the company shall hold up his hand. By and by three break off. They are Holman Hunt, Woolner and Val Prinsep. The other two are Alfred Tennyson and Francis Palgrave. As they finish their journey, Palgrave mentions an idea which has come to him of making an anthology of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language. Tennyson blessed the scheme, and to him, as all know, the volume was dedicated in a memorable preface.

A long half-mile across the fields lies between Treryn Dinas and the hamlet of Treen (teas, etc., obtainable here), whence buses and coaches run to Penzance, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. The hamlet has an inn.

For those who desire more walking there is the Land's End, 4 miles away by road, and there is St. Buryan, 3 miles.

II. LAND'S END TO THE LOGAN ROCK

This walk, of 6 to 7 miles, is at least equal to any other cliff walk of the same length in the British Isles. It may be taken in either direction, but we think it is better to go from west to east. In either case the walk should be so timed that the sun will be more or less behind one.

Plenty of time should be allowed for the excursion in order that the ins and outs of this wonderful bit of coast may be thoroughly enjoyed. The colour and grandeur of the lichen-covered cliffs, as one walks over the springy turf gay with heather and other flowers, can never be forgotten.

Numerous buses run between Penzance and Land's End and between Treen (near the Logan Rock) and Penzance. Notes on the Land's End itself will be found on pages 93-8.

Setting out for our cliff walk eastward from Land's End, the first point at which we arrive is **Carn Creis**. Just off it is the *Dallah* or Dollar Rock, and the rock island a little beyond is the **Armed Knight**, which in certain lights bears some resemblance

LAND'S END TO LOGAN ROCK

to a mail-clad giant leaning against the pile, of which a projection forms the bent knees. The other large rock close by is called **Gwelas**, the "sea-bird's rock". Due east of these is a point called **Carn Greeb**, the "comb" or "crest", from the rough likeness of its crowning ridge of rocks to a cock's comb. Greeb also is the name of the little homestead here. In the field just beyond the cottage flint flakes abound. Indeed such traces of prehistoric man's presence on these cliffs are scattered on all the summits between Land's End and Treryn Dinas.

The island immediately in front of us and near the cliffs is **Enys Dodman**. Its outer side is pierced by an archway some 40 feet in height. The rock may be reached at low tide by those equal to an awkward bit of cragwork, and then through the arch there may be obtained a fine view of the Armed Knight. In spring the rock is the nesting-place of countless gulls.

Continuing our walk we next reach **Pordenack Point**, a magnificent headland nearly 200 feet above the blue waters to which the cliff falls like a wall. It has the further characteristic of being formed of huge blocks of granite piled one upon another with amazing regularity, so that gigantic columns are built up.

Beyond Pordenack Point we pass **Carn Voel** and **Carn Evall** with **Zawn Rudh**, the "red cavern" below, so named from the colour of the rock. Then we have before us the picturesque cove of **Nanjizal** to which a small brook bounds from rock to rock.

We skirt the bay, and on its southern side, where the cliff edge is quite low, we cross by stepping-stones the stream previously seen. A steep path takes us to the top of **Carn lês Boel**, the "carn of the bleak place". To the south-west of it is the rock island of **Bosistow**. Next we arrive at **Pendower Cove**, where are a pile of curious flat boulders and the **Bosistow Logan Stone** on the edge of the cliff. To the south of the cove is a long low point with two or three islets at its extremity. It is called **Carn Barra**, the "loaf carn", and from it there is a fine view of the coast in both directions. From it we have a grand walk for a mile, passing **Carn Mellyn** the "yellow carn", **Pellitrass Point**, **Pellow Zawn**, **Porth Loe Cove**, and **Carn Guthensbras**, the "great cairn", on the farther side of it. Then we arrive at the headland with the formidable name of **Tol-Pedn-Penwith** ("the holed headland in Penwith"), forming the extreme western boundary of Mount's

Bay. It vies with Pordenack in boldness, but to be seen when most imposing it must be visited when huge rollers are dashing against its rugged sides. Then the sight is terribly grand. It gains its distinctive name from a great funnel-shaped chasm in a grass-covered neck that joins another mass of rock to the mainland, a few yards to the south-west of the head. The "Funnel", like the "Lion's Den" at the Lizard, appears to have been formed by part of the roof of a sea cave falling and the débris being in time washed away. The chasm extends from nearly the top of the high cliff to the sea. It is fairly easy at low water to get down to the mouth of the cave connected with the funnel, but the return is difficult through the presence of a slab 7 feet high on which there is little foothold and this visit should only be attempted by experienced climbers.

The cliffs of course can be best seen from below, and as they are inclined, not sheer, the descent should be made. The best spot for this is the northern slope at the end of the head. Nowhere on our coasts are the cliffs on either hand more magnificent. Especially are they grand at the **Chair Ladder** of the headland, where cubes on cubes of granite rise sheer as though built by the Titans.

Continuing our walk we notice on the higher ground on our left two iron cones, one red, the other black and white. They are beacons which when in line give the direction of a submerged rock known as the Runnel Stone, on which many good ships have met their fate. It is about a mile off the point. On it is a buoy, producing a dismal sound like the mooing of a cow.

Eastward of Tol-Pedn-Penwith is a conical headland, called Polostoc Zawn. It owes its name to the fancied resemblance of one of its rocks to a fisherman's cap. Beyond it we reach the fishing cove of **Porthgwarra**, "the higher port," famed for lobsters and for two curious tunnels through the cliff on the east connecting the hamlet with the sands. The little settlement is said to be the descendant of a Breton fishing village. The cove is paved with large stones and has remained unspoilt. Teas, however, can be obtained and several of the cottages take visitors.

From Porthgwarra take the road inland and shortly bear off to the right (eastward) for **Porth Chapel**, so named from a bap-

LAND'S END TO LOGAN ROCK

tistry of St. Levan, the scanty ruins of which are near the cliffs, before crossing the brook that comes down from **St. Levan Churchtown**, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile up the valley. It is a hamlet, rather than a town, for the place consists merely of the church, the rectory and a farm; though the little cove is beloved by those who have had the fortune to discover it.

From the church, a path leads in half a mile to **Porthcurno**, where is the Engineering School of *Cable and Wireless Ltd.* Here are fine buildings, tennis courts and residential buildings where the trainees are housed. Eleven ocean cables enter the sea from here to link Britain with the 150,000-mile Commonwealth Cable System. The road continues to Porthcurno Bay, judged by many to be the most beautiful cove in Cornwall. A green and flower-bright valley leads to a scene of dazzling loveliness—golden sands backed by magnificent cliffs face a beautiful bay where the sea varies in colour from deep purple to jade green and Mediterranean blue. At the water's edge, sparkling spray washes the shell sand. West of the beach, the Minack Theatre, a feature of unusual interest, attracts an increasing number of visitors.



The Minack Theatre.—This open-air Greek-style cliff theatre was inaugurated in 1935, but closed during the war. It was re-opened in 1946 and its functions are rapidly expanding. The auditorium is a natural amphitheatre of sloping cliff into which ridges have been cut to form rows of grass seats. The stage has smooth turf for a floor, pillars built in the Grecian style and an ever-changing backcloth of sea and sky. Throughout the season, Greek, Shakespearian and modern

plays are produced. Seats are moderately priced and bookable in advance, and there are good facilities for car parking. The theatre is also used for choir concerts and Drama training.

Three-quarters of a mile to the east is **Treryn Dinas**, of which something has been said on page 84. Just west of the promontory is **Treryn Cove**, from which are seen, better than from any other spot, the sheer cliffs and romantic towers and spires of the Dinas or Castle. But it is a break-neck path to the cove and it is necessary to return by the same way. The Logan Rock is on the summit of the pile which rises abruptly to the right of a depression about the middle of the castle. From the top of the cliffs we make

straight for the isthmus, which connects the promontory with the mainland. Passing through an entrance in a bank that runs across the neck and was one of the defences of the castle, we are opposite an opening between two huge piles of granite, and through this runs our path to the rock which owes its name to the fact that it "logs" when force is applied. (Only those with good heads for heights should attempt this climb.) For other facts respecting it see page 84, and from Treryn Dinas to Treen and thence to Penzance, see pages 83-5.

III. PENDEEN TO ST. JUST AND LAND'S END

Pendeen, a scattered village on the north-west coast, is on the bus route between Penzance and St. Just, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of Morvah. It is one of the few places where tin-mining is the main industry. The church has some interest in the fact that it is a model of Iona Cathedral.

From the church we go to **Bojewyan**, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile northward, and thence in a north-westerly direction towards the headland called **Pendeen Watch**, on which, at a mile from Pendeen, are the **Pendeen Lighthouse** and fog-signal station, erected in 1900 on account of the many wrecks on this part of the coast. The light shows four flashes in quick succession every 15 seconds and is visible 20 miles. The lighthouse can be visited between 1 p.m. and an hour before sunset.

Near the coast is *Pendeen House*, a fine specimen of a seventeenth-century manor-house. It is now a farmhouse. It was formerly the home of the Borlase family, and here Dr. Borlase, the antiquary, was born in 1695. In a corner of a meadow behind the farmyard is an artificial cave, called the **Vau**, a shortened form of the word *fougou*. Eastward of Pendeen promontory is **Portheras** beach, reached from the main road by a lane and a long path continuing from the farm where cars have to be left.

From the end of the track by which we reached the coast, we go southward for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to **Boscawell** and thence more or less parallel to the coast. In about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile a lane goes off to the left and almost immediately another. The first leads in a short $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to a point on the road just above **Trewellard**, the second to a point just west of the hamlet. Neglecting both these branches and going parallel to the coast for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, one strikes a lane at a

point about midway between the Levant Mine to the right and Trewellard towards the left, each of the points being about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant.

The **Levant Mine**, one of the most famous in the country, has been the training-ground of some of the best-known mining men, occupying positions in all parts of the world. It yielded copper and tin, and its workings extend under the sea. One of its galleries is over 2,000 feet below sea-level at a point $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the shore. Workings at a higher level go out double that distance. Although it is worked under the sea it is a dry mine. Like so many other Cornish mines, however, it is now closed.

The next headland south of the Levant Mine is known as **Botallack**, and south of it, at the margin of the sea, about a mile from the Levant Mine, is the famous **Botallack Mine**. It was first worked for its copper and tin in 1721, and for a long period was extremely profitable. Its galleries run beneath the sea for a third of a mile from the shore, and the deepest is 1,200 feet below high water. This mine also is no longer worked.

For some notes on the Cornish Mining Industry *see* pp. 16–17.

Not far away is **Wheal Owles**, another mine which many years ago suffered accidental flooding causing some loss of life. The water has never been pumped out.

From the Botallack Mine one can continue along the coast for a good mile to **Kenidjack Castle**, one of the many strongholds of men of whom nothing is known beyond what can be gathered from the few traces remaining. On the north side of the headland is a well-defined double bank or rampart of stone and earth.

The castle headland is the northern horn of **Porthledden Bay**, the southern is **Cape Cornwall**, the only headland designated a cape in England and Wales. This cape is not the most beautiful of the many bold headlands on this portion of the coast, but it rises high above the sea, and enables those who climb to its summit to gain a good view of the terrible rocks to the south-west known as the **Sisters**, or **Brisons**, the scene of many wrecks, and, beyond, of the rugged rocks of the Land's End.

The best view of the cape itself is obtained from the shore of **Priest Cove**, on its southern side. On the edge of the cliff at **Carn Glouse**, on the southern side of Priest Cove, is the most interesting barrow in the county, but unfortunately it is to a great extent hidden by mine heaps. It is made entirely of stone. When it was explored, nine kistvaens and two urns were found in it.

It is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Cape Cornwall to the old mining town of—

St. Just,

which is about 2 miles from the Botallack Mine, 4 from Morvah, 15 from St. Ives and 7 from Penzance. St. Just, although somewhat grey in appearance, is the centre of some interesting spots, and deserves visiting for the sake of its church.

The Church was built about 1486 and restored in 1865. There is a record of the dedication of a church here in 1336 and the north and south walls of the present chancel are parts of it. Noteworthy features are a sedilia and piscina, the capitals of the nave arcades, the rood-loft stairs at the east end of the north aisle, and in the same aisle, two ancient stones, one bearing a Chi-Rho monogram, commonly mis-called a pastoral staff, and the words *Ni Selvs ic Jacit*. There are also two wall paintings, one representing "St. George and the Dragon" and the other said to be "Christ blessing the Trades". In the south chapel are memorials of the Millets. The church has a fine old granite tower and a curious sundial over the south porch.

In the town square, adjoining the War Memorial will be seen a circular enclosure called the **Plane an Gwarry**, the scene in former days of old Cornish miracle plays, wrestling and other sports. The site is now scheduled as an ancient monument.

About 2 miles north-east of St. Just and the same distance south-east of Pendeen is **Carn Kenidjack**, a famous "hooting cairn", above a remarkable plain known as the **Gump**.

Beside the road from St. Just to Sennen is the **Land's End Airport** at Kelynack, with frequent summer services to and from Scilly (*see* p. 111).

For the coast walk from St. Just to Land's End ($5\frac{1}{2}$ miles), we follow the high road southward from St. Just to **Bosavern**, and just south of that we branch off on the right for **Boscregan**, on the cliffs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from St. Just. In the cliffs at **Polpry**, the "clay pool", immediately north of it, are caves.

From Boscregan we follow the coastguard path, and in about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile we cross the stream which comes down past Nanquidno. Here the shore becomes lower and less abrupt, and the beach is of immense boulders. In another $\frac{3}{4}$ mile we pass **Carn Greagle**, with the Watch Rock, and about a mile from the stream arrive at **Aire Point**, the northern extremity of the beautiful **Whitesand Bay**. Here probably landed King Athelstan after his expedition to the Scilly Isles, and certainly it was the landing-place of King Stephen and King John. If the tide allows we can make our way

ST. JUST TO LAND'S END

over the firm sands of the bay to the fishing village of **Sennen Cove** (*see* p. 96) on the southern curve of the inlet. The three islets off it, naming them from right to left, are **Little Bo, Bo Cowloe** and **Cowloe**. The rock on which the sea breaks between them and the Longships Lighthouse is *Shark's Fin*.

Those who wish to include in this excursion Sennen Church-town, as it is called, will turn inland, uphill from the Cove, but for the Land's End, which will be in sight when we have climbed up the cliff to *Pedn-mên-du*, "black stone head", we follow the cliffs.

As we skirt *Gamper Bay*, the inlet between *Pedn-mên-du* and the end of our walk, we get a good view of the cave-hollowed precipices, and of the cavern called the *Vaular* which pierces the actual Land's End, described on following pages.



THE LAND'S END

"Here England ends and here she does begin!
How many thousand years has she stood here,
With head thrown high and naked shoulder sheer
Against the Atlantic rollers thundering in,
To fight the battle which they never win?"

Winifred Goodall.

Road Route.—The best road from Penzance is that by Drift and Sennen Churchtown (A30). That following the north coast (B3306) *via* Zennor commands splendid views, especially around Zennor, but is extremely winding and often very narrow. The two combined form

the regulation "Land's End Tour"—well worth doing. For a more leisurely tour the westward journey should be made by the Lamorna road—B3315.

Parking Place.—Beside the hotels at Land's End is a large parking place.

It may be that sentiment has a good deal to do with the interest which the Land's End excites, for there are many parts of the coast of Cornwall grander and more beautiful; but visitors, however lacking in sentiment, as a rule feel a certain pleasure in visiting "the last inn in England" and the neighbouring church at Sennen, and, still farther west, in patronizing absolutely the last house in Britain, and in sitting on the westernmost rocks.

Apart from these considerations, many features deserve notice, but visitors who are familiar with other parts of the English coast usually agree that the Land's End is not surprisingly grand or beautiful. "Those who expect," says the author of *A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End*, "to see a towering or far-stretching promontory will be disappointed. We form our ideas from ordinary maps, and imagine England's utmost cape to be a narrow tongue thrust out from the firm shore, along which we may walk to meet the advancing waves. But we find the reality to be merely a protruding shoulder or buttress of the vast irregular bluff that terminates the county. Cape Cornwall, which looks so grand about 4 miles to the north, appears to extend farther to the west than the Land's End." Moreover, what natural beauty the Land's End does possess is usually imperilled by the dis-

graceful amount of paper, cardboard and other débris of picnics cast aside by careless visitors.

Nevertheless, there is a hardly definable attraction about the Land's End in addition to its geological interest. The best time for exploring the peninsula is at low tide, as then it is possible, *under the charge of a guide*, to visit the large cavern called the **Land's End Hole**. It is about 150 feet in length, and runs through the promontory, but the channel is so narrow that only in the calmest weather can a boat pass into the cavern. As a rule the Land's End coast is far from calm, and it is worth visiting specially during south-west gales. Ruskin, describing Turner's great picture of the Land's End, wrote:

"At the Land's End there is to be seen the entire disorder of the surges, when every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls, and beaten back post by post from walls of rock on this side and that side, recoils like the defeated division of a great army, throwing all behind it into disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon the shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, un-directed rage, bounding and crashing, and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power, subdivided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, be it remembered, a separate surge, but part and portion of a vast one, actuated by eternal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulations of impetuous life, which glides over the rocks and writhes in the wind, overwhelming the one and piercing the other with the form, fury and swiftness of a sheet of lambent fire."

Within sight of the Land's End on a clear day are the Isles of Scilly, twenty-eight miles distant; while nearer, less than two miles west from Land's End, the **Longships Lighthouse** rises from its rocky base, amid the cauldron of waves, to a height of 52 feet above a rock, itself 60 feet high. Six miles to the south is the **Wolf Lighthouse**. Both lights are visible for sixteen miles. The fog signal on the Longships gives two explosive reports every five minutes, while the Wolf makes its presence known by a blast of four seconds every half-minute. Around the Land's End are strewn a number of grotesquely shaped rocks, small islands,

known as the **Armed Knight**, **Enys Dodman**, the **Irish Lady**, the **Spire**, the **Kettle Bottom** and the **Shark's Fin**, while any resident will indicate the rock on the mainland known as **Dr. Syntax's Head**. On the causeway leading to the extreme end of the promontory is the spot where Charles Wesley composed the hymn opening with the lines:



“Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
’Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand.”

Those who have a genuine love of nature and sufficient time should walk from the Land's End to **Pordenack** (p. 86).

North-east of Land's End is Sennen Cove and almost due east is the village of—

Sennen

Interest in the latter—“Churchtown”, as it is called—centres almost entirely in the fact that it is the westernmost village in England. **Sennen Church** was dedicated on the Festival of St. John the Baptist, 1441, as recorded by a Latin inscription on the base of the font.

By the church is the “Last Inn in England”; but the title has been a misnomer since the erection of the hotels quite close to Land's End.

Sennen is said to have been the scene of that great encounter with the Danes, the battle of Vellan-Drucher, when King Arthur and the seven Cornish kings or chieftains joined forces. Legend declares that the fight against the sea king was so fierce that not a Norseman escaped, and that the mill-wheel from which the battle took its name was worked with the blood that rolled seawards. This was the last time the Northmen invaded Cornwall. To celebrate the event, the kings dined at a large rock called the *Table Mén*, situated at the approach to Mayon Farm, on the

east side of the main road, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of Sennen Church (a footpath leads from the church to the stone). According to Merlin, yet a larger number of kings will gather round this same rock-table immediately previous to the destruction of the world, which is to be heralded by another landing of the Northmen on Cornwall's shore.

It is a fine cliff walk, with splendid views to Sennen Cove, a little more than a mile north-east of Land's End.

Sennen Cove

Those who expect to find another Kynance or Cadgwith will, however, be either disappointed or agreeably surprised, for the so-called Cove of Sennen is not a "cove" at all, but a village scattered along the southern end of the fine, cliff-bound Whitesand Bay. It is a favourite holiday resort of those who delight in the seclusion of an Atlantic-washed rocky shore where the clear and bright sapphire-hued water is in marked contrast with the chalk-stained Channel. The village consists of a number of cottages and modern houses and hotels (*see* p. 11) to meet the claims upon it as a holiday resort; while some artists' studios are evidence of the picturesque appeal of the neighbouring shore, moors and porths. The older part of the village clusters round the quaint capstan house by which boats are pulled far up the beach. Here is a stone pier, which affords a good view of the bay, and the Lifeboat House.

Sennen Cove is the nearest lifeboat station to Land's End. The present vessel, a motor boat called *Susan Ashley*, is the fifth lifeboat stationed here. The first arrived in 1853.

The neighbouring moors, too, have fascination, for here in springtime the golden whinbush decks the hills, and the primrose, followed by the bluebell, adorns the valleys. In summer the uplands are clothed with purple heather, while foxgloves and honey-suckle, geraniums, fuchsias, marguerites, and the wild rose, with a profusion of other flowers, give grace to the countryside. Many of the blooms linger long into the autumn, and even during the winter some remain. Among autumn's interests are blackberries large in size and growing in profusion; and



(H. A. Summers)

Land's End

Whitesand Bay and Sennen
(J. Salmon Ltd.)





(Valentine)

Mousehole

Lamorna Cove

(J. Salmon Ltd.)



mushrooms are plentiful in the meadows. And then there is—

Sea-Angling

For all-round sport this district presents many allurements to the sea-angler, and the methods employed are so unlike those in vogue at Penzance, owing to difference in the character of the coast, as to make a special note on the subject desirable. During the summer months angling from boats may be enjoyed within easy reach of the shore; for the expert, Whitesand Bay provides a stretch of firm sands from which he can ply his rod effectively among bass, turbot and other fish. The angler should use a stout sea-rod, with free-running wheel holding from 100 to 200 yards of line; and he must put every effort into his cast in order to throw out far enough to reach the fish.

The best bait is the lance, or sand-eel, hooked up from the sands in Whitesand Bay by means of what is known as a lance hook. Sections of herring are sometimes used as bait.

A very pleasant hour may be spent with rod and line at the head of the stone pier which shelters the little beach from southerly storms. (See also p. 45.)

The Sennen Fishing Industry

Noted for their delicious flavour are the crabs and lobsters caught at Sennen from early in spring until the end of summer. During the winter some of the inhabitants are engaged in the making of crab and lobster pots from withies gathered on the moors. The pilchard fishery is at its height in August and September, and herring are sometimes plentiful for a week or two in October. From December on through the winter the local fishermen anxiously look forward to the approach of a "school" of grey mullet, heralded to eager watchers by the vivid grey colour they give to the surface. There is generally only one good haul in winter, but the value of the catch will vary from £500 to £1,000, divided among those male members of the fishing community who are upon the beach. A fisherman's son, over 16 and under 18, with six months' fishing experience gets a half share.

Visitors fortunate enough to be at Sennen in late autumn or winter, when a catch of mullet has been landed on this beach, are not likely to forget the sight. The landing of pilchards is also an exciting autumn incident.

The great scene of the regular fishing industry is inside or outside the Longships Light, where by running long lines called boulders, each armed with about 200 hooks, the largest of fish are caught, such as cod, conger, ray and skate, turbot, ling and plaice.

SENNEN COVE

From Sennen Cove start the transatlantic cables of the Western Union Cable Company which have come underground from the local office at Alverton Road, Penzance.

From the eastern end of the village, a road climbs steeply (1 in 5 in parts) to the main road, a few hundred yards from Sennen Churchtown.



THE LIZARD

Approach.—The rail journey from Penzance and St. Ives to Helston (Western Region), the nearest railway station, is roundabout and at least one change of train is involved. The most direct route to Helston is by road. From Helston (10 miles to Lizard Town) there are regular bus services to and from all parts of the Lizard peninsula.

There are also numerous coach trips embracing the Lizard from Penzance and St. Ives.

Penzance and St. Ives are capital centres from which to take a day's trip to the Lizard. The district is fully described in our *Red Guide to South Cornwall*. The following notes are inserted for the guidance of day visitors from Penzance and St. Ives.

The southernmost point of England has achieved a deadly notoriety from the chaos of rock ridges which surrounds the extremity of the cliffs. Human ingenuity could never invent a more speedy and sure means of destruction for ships than is offered by the Lizard promontory as designed by Nature. Certainly there is dire necessity at this spot for the most powerful light obtainable. The mariner in his peril has no eye for the grandeur of this coast: but to the landsman these awe-inspiring black cliffs and fantastic piles of rocks are a source of wonder and delight. Here the cliffs assume not only weird shapes but marvellous colours, such as can only be matched around St. Agnes, on the north coast.

Practically the whole of the Lizard Peninsula is a table-land, averaging from 200 to 300 feet above sea-level. The centre is an expansive tract called **Goonhilly Downs**, and here the highest point is reached at *Dry Tree*, which has an elevation of 370 feet. The tract is covered with the heath *Erica vagans* familiarly known as Cornish heath, which flowers in the late summer and autumn. Throughout May and early June the Downs are a sheet of golden gorse, the scent of which is almost overpowering. Along the Helston road gorse is mingled with the snow-white blackthorn flower. The southern Downs sloping to Kynance and

THE LIZARD

Caerthillian Coves are at midsummer a paradise for the botanist, especially as regards the rarer clovers and rushes.

The majority of visitors to the Lizard are day excursionists, who have not time to acquire more than a slight acquaintance with a small portion of it, though an increasing number of holiday-makers stay at the inns or farms, any of which, with some of the cottages, offer "tea and accommodation".

Lizard Town is a medium-sized straggling and somewhat ugly village having a few good hotels and a number of guest and boarding houses. Almost every other cottage or hut is a miniature "Serpentine Works" where the far-famed and beautifully coloured and mottled serpentine rock is cut, polished and made into many useful and ornamental articles, including: ashtrays, necklaces, napkin rings, model lighthouses, candlesticks, clock cases and lamp standards. It is half a mile inland from Lizard Point, east of which is the site of—

The Lizard Lighthouse

Admission.—Visitors are conducted over the building on weekdays between 1 p.m. and an hour before sunset, *except when the fog sirens are operating.*

A visit to this famous lighthouse is of more than usual interest on account of the deadly nature of the headland and its unique position on the most southerly spot in England. The officials who conduct visitors round will explain the working of the machinery. The lighthouse was erected in 1752, but altered in 1903. There were formerly what are known as "twin lights", one at either end of the buildings, each with fixed white lights. A flashing light of $5\frac{1}{4}$ million candle-power is now exhibited in the eastern tower only. The reflection of this light can be seen for upwards of eighty miles; the visibility of the actual light is of course to the horizon only—21 miles. One flash is given every 3 seconds—flash, $\frac{1}{10}$ second; eclipse $2\frac{9}{10}$ seconds. There are two fog sirens which work together, giving one long blast (7 seconds), and one short blast (2 seconds) every minute.



The **Wolf Light**, south of Land's End, the alternate red and white flashes of which can be seen after dark from the highest parts of the Lizard, is visible for sixteen miles.

Polpeor Cove

Immediately to the west of the southernmost point is the little cove of Polpeor, where is the lifeboat station, with a slipway. The skill and nerve needed in launching the boat from this slipway during "dirty" weather may, perhaps, be imagined—after visiting the cove. The principal attraction of Polpeor Cove is its fine cave, which may be visited at low water. It pierces the promontory and contains a pool. The entrance is beyond the point west of the boathouse.



Just east of the lighthouse is an isolated rock called the *Bumble*. Its base can be reached at low water. The inlet to the east of it is **Housel Bay**, protected on its far side by Penolver Point, a grandly piled rocky headland. The bay has an excellent bathing beach and is only 10 minutes' walk from Lizard Town. But before striking inland, one should not miss taking a look at the **Lion's Den**, a great pit in the cliff just east of the Lighthouse, formed by the collapse of the roof of the innermost portion of a cavern. By the continued action of the sea through the entrance of the cave, the portion of the super-structure which fell in has been washed out. The result is the formation of a huge funnel, piercing the cliff vertically, and having an entrance from the sea. The Den is similar to the Funnel near Tol-Pedn-Penwith (p. 86) and to the Frying Pan near Cadgwith on the east coast of the Lizard.

Another short walk leads to **Landewednack Church**, the most southerly church in England. It is pleasantly situated in a tree-lined valley which—barely a mile from bleak Lizard "Town"—invariably astonishes visitors. As a matter of fact, however, the east coast of the Lizard promontory can offer many similar surprises. The Lizard is in Landewednack parish, and the old church, about half a mile east of Lizard Town, should be visited, for it has many interesting features. It is dedicated to St. Winwaloëi. A late Norman doorway surrounds a Perpendicular doorway. The font dates from 1414, and bears the inscription "Ds Rich. Bolham Me Fecit". (Master Richard Bolham made

me.) Other interesting features are the hagioscope by the South chapel, and the reading desk for which the fifteenth-century bench-ends from Ruan Major were used. In the church hangs, as in several other Cornish churches, a copy of the address issued by Charles I from Sudeley Camp to his "brave Cornish subjects".



Church Cove is reached by a very narrow, rough lane from the church. This lane suddenly becomes a rough path, dropping rapidly to the cove.

Walkers of average power who are spending a day on the Lizard can be recommended to make their way round from the Lighthouse, past Polpeor, to Kynance, a matter of 3 or 4 miles. The rock scenery is magnificent. It is a good walk over the downs back to Lizard Town.

Kynance Cove

Note.—Viewed either from the cliffs or from the path leading down, Kynance is entrancing. But to appreciate fully its grandeur, it is essential to descend to the firm sands at low tide. The way is clear, the path not very steep nor particularly "heady", and there are easier ways for those inclined to dizziness. Most of the beach is uncovered for nearly five hours (roughly 2½ hours before and after low tide) twice every lunar day, in normal conditions. Before visiting Kynance readers are advised to ascertain time of low water on day of proposed visit and to arrange arrival 2½ hours earlier.

Access.—About half a mile north of Lizard Town, a rough lane leaves the main road. It rapidly deteriorates to a mere track (unsuitable for cars, particularly in wet weather), but no difficulty will be found in following it westward to the coast. In about ¾ mile the opening of the Cove is seen ahead, and one looks for the zigzag track leading down to the valley and the Cove itself. There are several other routes for walkers, the main point being to take a north-westerly course from Lizard Town.

Less than a mile north of Lizard Town, along the main Helston Road (A3083), is a Toll road wide enough for two cars to pass, with a level though somewhat rough surface. In 1½ miles this brings the motorist to the extensive Car Park and Tea Rooms within a few hundred yards of the top of the cove. Toll: cars 1s., motor cycles 6d.; including car park fee.

It is quite impossible to describe the beauty of Kynance. Every visitor receives different impressions, but all will agree with Lord Leighton, who described it as "perfectly unique; a lovely picture, the finest cove in the kingdom".

There are so many items of interest at this delicious spot that

it is hard to know where to begin. The view seawards is divided by **Asparagus Island**, connected with the mainland at low water by a beach of the palest and finest sand imaginable. Immediately south of Asparagus Island and separated from it by a narrowing channel is the lengthy **Gull Rock**, often thought to be part of the island.

Midway between the rocks and Asparagus Island rises, with perpendicular sides, the huge **Steeple Rock**, so prominent a feature of Kynance views. From the sands, the charming double view of the sea, with the wonderful colours of the rocks themselves, makes one realize that there is no other place quite so lovely as Kynance.

For the caves, turn to the right. The first is termed the **Kitchen**, but no sanded kitchen floor ever approached this for whiteness. We can now closely examine the wonderful serpentine rock, for Kynance is entirely composed of this brilliant-hued stone. Of course, the surface is rougher when polished by the ocean than by hand or machinery, but many prefer it in this state. Nevertheless the surface is often polished enough to be slippery and care needs to be exercised in climbing or stepping on it.

The next cave is the **Parlour**, with a superb "bay" window. By a slight scramble over the rocks we reach the **Ladies' Bathing Pool**—small, sequestered, and perfectly safe at all states of the tide. Crossing the sands to Asparagus Island (passing the Sugar Loaf and Steeple) we mount the rocks a little way to inspect a wonderful sport of Nature, the **Devil's Letter Box** and Bellows. Owing to crevices in, and the undermining of Asparagus Island, the water is forced with stupendous power through a small vent, accompanied by a roar like the discharge of artillery, and a heavy shower of spray, of which the visitor must beware.

Returning to the sands, the **Drawing-Room** is close at hand, composed of beautiful green serpentine. Notice, beyond, the silhouette of the detached rocks looking seawards. On either side of the **Bishop's Rock** the outline of a face is easily discernible. High above Bishop's Rock will be noticed a great cavity, the **Devil's Mouth**, the one dangerous spot at Kynance.

Mullion

Hotels.—*See* Introduction.

Golf Links.—(9 holes). A fine sporting course on sandy turf.

The village is a mile inland from the sea and the cliffs. There are one or two good hotels; almost every cottage seems to take in visitors. Accommodation is booked up early in the year, for Mullion is a good centre for an open-air holiday. The *Mullion Golf Links* are among the most popular in Cornwall. It is a fine sporting course of nine holes.

The **Church** (Sunday services 8, 11, 6) is dedicated to St. Melan. Over the west window of the tower is sculptured a crucifix with St. Mary and St. John. The interior has some extremely fine carved bench-ends, among the best, if not the very best, in the county; and portions of the old rood-screen have been incorporated in the very good modern screen.

On a clear day the views from the high ground across Mount's Bay to Penzance and beyond are wonderful.

Mullion Cove, with its miniature harbour, is about a mile distant. The scenery contrasts strongly with that at Kynance only a few miles south. Above rise on all sides hoary, lichen-covered cliffs, rocks piled on rocks, vaulted, tunnelled, ribbed and groined, with chasms and natural arches, like the ruins of some vast cathedral. At low tide a nice stretch of sand affords safe and enjoyable bathing. Northward from Mullion is the pretty little **Polurrian Cove**, and, still farther north, **Poldhu Cove**, on the left of which a narrow natural archway leads to a small rocky beach, having on its farther side a projecting point of serpentine.

Adjoining the Poldhu Hotel was once the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Station from which the first transatlantic wireless signals were dispatched. The station has been dismantled, but the spot is an important one in the history of wireless, for here, too, short-wave beam wireless telegraphy and telephony were first developed. A statue to Marconi has been erected as a memorial and the cove is now the property of the National Trust.

A short distance north-north-west of Poldhu Cove is—

Gunwalloe

The **Church**—one wonders how a church came to be built in this little-inhabited corner—romantically situated and sheltered behind a cliff, has a square detached tower, 14 feet distant, built right into the rock which forms part of its north sides. The church is so close to the sea that the spray dashes over it in times of storm. According to tradition, the church was built in the thirteenth century as a thank-offering by a survivor of a ship wrecked at Gunwalloe. There was, however, a church here long before which served as the memorial chapel of the former great manor of Winnianton. The interior contains much of interest, notably some woodwork, new and old. The north aisle is fourteenth-century. Note the font (recently restored) and the roofs of the south porch and south aisle. St. Winwaloëi is the patron saint here, as at the Lizard.

The little headland behind Gunwalloe Church tower is called the **Castle Mound**. This was a prehistoric cliff fortress though little remains of the original earthwork. The separate church tower is no part of it.

Northward are the **Halzaphron Cliffs** and just south of the church is—

Church Cove

which has been the scene of at least two remarkable incidents.

In 1770 that John Knill whose monument is one of the sights of St. Ives obtained permission from the Crown to search for vast treasure which a notorious buccaneer was reputed to have buried in chests in the sandbanks. Great excavations were made, but the operation was fruitless.

Nearly a hundred years later an attempt was made to obtain other lost treasure at Gunwalloe. In 1785 a vessel carrying 2½ tons of money was wrecked here and for many years subsequently storms washed coins on to the beach. In 1845 an effort was made to secure the rest of the money, by constructing a dam across the cove on the seaward side of the vessel, and then pumping out the enclosed water, but a breeze from the south-west quickly removed all traces of the labour of many weeks.

Some 2 miles north-east of Lizard Town, on the *east* coast of the promontory, is—

Cadgwith

Although one of the lesser-known Cornish coves by reason of its inaccessibility, **Cadgwith Cove** is amongst the most picturesque to be found anywhere in the Duchy. The approach, after leaving

Ruan Minor, is down a winding, very steep and narrow lane which brings the visitor quite suddenly to the miniature cove, with its thatched-roof, stone-built cottages. The two small beaches are separated by "The Todden", a diminutive headland leading to a secluded natural bathing pool amongst the rocks.

Cadgwith (*Cadgwith Hotel*) lies at the mouth of a pretty, well-wooded valley and is a small and very compact little village tucked neatly between high, rocky headlands and completely unspoiled by the march of time. The local fishermen do a thriving business in crabs and lobsters, for their catches are mostly "outsize" and enjoy more than a merely local reputation.

The Cadgwith Lifeboat, *The Guide of Dunkirk*, took a gallant part in the Dunkirk evacuation.

With grand opportunities for fishing, bathing and walking Cadgwith is an ideal spot for those in search of a restful holiday amid quiet, peaceful and very beautiful surroundings.

Close by is the **Devil's Frying Pan**, a huge funnel nearly 200 feet deep, communicating with the sea by an archway. This can be entered by a boat and a landing can be made on a patch of shingle. Less than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of it is the **Dollar Hugo**, a cavern in the serpentine. As it is always filled with the sea, a boat can enter it only on a calm day. The colours of the rock at the entrance are remarkably rich.

A mile north of Cadgwith is the hamlet of **Poltesco**, once famed for its serpentine quarries, in a charmingly wooded, rocky valley, down which a stream flows on its way to Carleon Cove.

In less than a mile and still proceeding northwards, the visitor reaches the very pleasantly situated **Kennack Sands** which provide a good bathing beach. This is a quiet and peaceful spot amid rural surroundings.

Farther along the east coast, some 10 miles from Lizard Town by road, is—

Coverack

Hotel, see p. 10.

This is a typical Cornish fishing village, complete with stone-built whitewashed cottages, a miniature harbour and a lifeboat station. In recent years a modern settlement has attached itself but, so far, this has not detracted from the picturesqueness of the

old village. There are hotels and apartments available, for an increasing number of people are visiting this charming little place. Fishing for bass and pollock is a favourite pastime. Southward the cliff scenery is very fine, especially at **Black Head**, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant.

Still working up the eastern side of the Lizard we reach—

St. Keverne,

with a large and stately church which has undergone many alterations. Three sets of rood stairs seem to indicate that it was extended eastward at least twice. It is chiefly in the Perpendicular style, and was well restored in 1894. It has interesting bench-ends and a Perpendicular font. The main east window was placed by the owners of the *Mohegan*, a large vessel which foundered on the Manacle Rocks in 1898. The tower, 60 feet high, is surmounted by a spire of 38 feet, which makes it a well-known landmark. A curious memorial in the south-west corner includes part of H.M. Brig-o'-War *Primrose*.

Off the shore nearly due east of St. Keverne are the **Manacle Rocks**, a very dangerous reef.

Kynance, Mullion, the Lizard itself rightly claim precedence among the sights of the promontory, but if possible the visitor making only a single visit to the Lizard should endeavour to see something of St. Anthony, Helford and other charming villages beside the softly beautiful Helford River.

From St. Keverne take the road to **Manaccan**, a village built high on a hill. It has an interesting church containing Norman work. "Manaccanite", a mineral from which *titanium* is derived, was first found here, hence its name. A right-hand turning just short of Manaccan, leads to **St. Anthony**—a charming road among the trees overlooking the river. At St. Anthony turn up to the left beyond the church and keep round to the left; but do not overlook the backward views over Falmouth Harbour to the white lighthouse at St. Anthony-in-Roseland (this is St. Anthony-in-Meneage). At first cross-roads take turn on right and soon begin the steep descent through woods to—

Helford

Helford village, which straddles the creek, is an idyllic spot

in a beautifully wooded combe. The road continues round the creek to the right and ends at the *Shipwright's Arms*. An alternative route for walkers from Manaccan to Helford is the foot-path across the fields and through the woods.

At all times, Helford is very beautiful, but it is at its best at high water any June morning, when every other cottage is bedecked with roses of varying shades. A **Ferry** runs several times daily (6d.) to the *Ferry Boat Hotel* at **Helford Passage** across the estuary, from whence it is but six miles from **Trebah**, at top of hill, to Falmouth (bus service).

Helford River

This is the large estuary midway between Falmouth and the Lizard. Were it not for the bar which regulates the ingress and egress of vessels drawing more than a few feet of water, this delightful river would be even more visited. The scenery is beautiful—like that of the Fal, and though on a smaller scale none the less lovely. During summer yachts and pleasure craft of all descriptions utilize Helford waters for anchorage. The **Duchy of Cornwall Oyster Farm** is carried on in this river, the headquarters being at **Port Navas**, set at the head of a little creek amidst a scene of sylvan beauty. It is one of the finest oyster farms in Great Britain, millions of oysters being laid in the river, which is entirely free from any pollution. The fishery is leased to Mac Fisheries, Ltd.

From Helford re-ascend hill to cross-roads, where turn right for **Mawgan**, prettily situated above a creek of the Helford River.

Mawgan

The beautiful thirteenth-century church is associated with four great Cornish families—the Vyvyans, Ferrers, Reskymers, and Carminows—who had seats in the district. It is mainly Perpendicular, but the south transept and chancel are Decorated. On the north side are rood-loft stairs. Note, too, the hagioscope, the thirteenth-century font, the fine fifteenth-century wagon roof and the west doorway. Among the various monuments, that which attracts special attention is a brass to one of the Bassets.

It is on a pillar by the stone pulpit and bears the following quaint lines, each containing the same words—

Shall we all dye
We shali dye all
All dye shall we
Dye all we shall.

From Mawgan it is but a mile or so of delightfully-wooded road to **Gweek**, a fishing village at the head of a creek of the Helford River.

From Gweek to Helston and the homeward road is a matter of four or five miles.



THE ISLES OF SCILLY

Approach.—The Isles of Scilly lie about forty miles south-west of Penzance and can be reached by steamer or by plane.

By Steamer.—R.M.V. *Scillonian* leaves Penzance Harbour which adjoins the Railway Station (Western Region line terminus). Sailings vary throughout the year and are subject to weather conditions, but normally the *Scillonian* sails three times weekly in winter and five or six times weekly in summer. The journey takes about two-and-a-half hours; refreshments and fully licensed bars are available. The steamer lands passengers at St. Mary's from where launches are available to convey them to the other islands. Further particulars may be obtained from The Isles of Scilly Steamship Co., at St. Mary's, Scilly, or at 16 Quay Street, Penzance. (Tel. Scillonian 14 and 118; or Penzance 2009.)

By Air.—Regular air service (B.E.A.) from Land's End Airport (St. Just), weather permitting. Flying time: twenty minutes. The airport buses convey passengers from Penzance Railway Station to the Airport and from St. Mary's Airport to Hugh Town. Advance booking essential as accommodation is limited. Inquiries and bookings from any B.E.A. booking office or from Land's End or St. Mary's Airports. (Tel.: St. Just 60 or 79; Scillonian 46.)

Banks.—*Lloyds* and *Barclays* open 9 to 2 (Wednesday/Thursday 12 noon according to boat arrivals.)

Bathing.—Unrestricted. There are many safe sandy bays.

Boating.—Motor launches sail daily, including Sundays, at 10.15 and 2.15 from the quay at St. Mary's to the other islands and rocks and, weather permitting, to the Bishop Lighthouse. There is a sailing club at St. Mary's.

Golf.—Nine-hole course on St. Mary's. Apply at Clubhouse.

Hotels.—See Introduction.

Inquiries may be addressed to the Town Clerk, Hugh Town, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly. A stamped

addressed envelope *must* be enclosed.

Population of the five inhabited islands, nearly 2,000, made up as follows: St. Mary's, 1,430; Tresco, 200; St. Martin's, 120; Bryher, 81; St. Agnes, 65.

Telephone Communication.—The reduced evening rate (2s. 6d. from London, etc.) operates here as on the mainland. Penzance and St. Mary's are linked by under-water cable and by short-wave wireless telephone. The other islands are linked by telephone to St. Mary's.

Tennis.—One hard court on the Garrison.

The Scilly Isles form an archipelago of about one hundred and fifty islands, islets and rocks. There are plain traces of cultivation and occupation on several, but only five are now inhabited. These are—*St. Mary's*, the principal, comprising 1,620 acres; *Tresco*, 700 acres, famed for its gardens; *Bryher*, 300 acres, to the west of *Tresco*; *St. Martin's*, 520 acres, to the north-east; and south-west of *St. Mary's*, *St. Agnes*, 390 acres. The group lies in latitude 49° 55' N., and longitude 6° 19' W.; that is, twenty-seven miles west and a trifle south of Land's End. As seen upon a map, these Isles carry on the angle of the north coast of Corn-

wall, and, like the backbone of that county, are of granite. Tradition declares the strait between Scilly and Land's End to have been part of the smiling Land of Lyonesse submerged by a great convulsion of Nature on the day that King Arthur received his death wound, in a battle against the traitor Mordred.

The "Fortunate Isles"

Those who can, spend a week or more in lovely Sir Walter Besant's *Armored of Lyonesse*—"I did not know that there was anything near England so wonderful and so lovely." It is the flower garden of England, but far more than that, it is one of the few places where may be found the ideal of those who yearn for placid leisure, far from modern distractions.

On these so aptly-called "Fortunate Isles" nothing is possible but the simple life, away from trains, road traffic, commercialism and artificial amusements. The wealth of wild flowers, birds and archæological remains make the Scillies a paradise for the botanist, the ornithologist and the antiquarian. Those who profess to be none of these can revel in the sunshine, the abundant ozone, the equable temperature, the flower-scented air and the exhilarating Atlantic breezes. Those with an eye for colour will appreciate the lovely sunsets, the wonderful deep tropic blue and aquamarine of the sea, the pale gold sand of the sunlit bays and the darker hues of rocks and islands etched by the sharp clear light. And these delights are enhanced by the kindness and friendliness of the inhabitants, the thrills of exploring rocks and islands, the interest of watching basking sharks, seals and porpoises and always that sense of indescribable peace and lack of urgency.

The History of the Islands

The spelling in old records is Sulley or Sully = Islands of the Sun, the intrusive "c" not appearing until the sixteenth century.

The Isles were undoubtedly inhabited at an early period, so-called Druidical remains being scattered thickly upon most of them. It is suggested, too, that Scilly corresponds to the *Casiterides* of the Phœnicians, whence adventurers of that race carried their tin. The Romans made St. Mary's Isle a penal

settlement; the Danes found the islands a convenient rallying-point for raids up the Bristol Channel. In Norman times the possession of the Islands appears to have been divided, the north-east group being held by the monks of Tavistock Abbey and the other islands by the secular powers in the persons of the King's Lieutenant-Governors, known as Lords of the Isles. At the dissolution of the monasteries they were apparently so worthless that they did not appear in the list of properties handed over by the Abbot. In 1484 they were worth to the King only 40s. a year in time of peace, and in time of war, nothing. Piracy was rife in the Channel and in the second year of Edward VI it is recorded that the Lord Admiral Seymour "having gotten into his hands the strong and dangerous Isles of Scilly bought of divers men for him to have a safe refuge for himself should disaster overtake him". On his attainder and execution for treason in 1549 the islands reverted to the Crown. About fifty years later the Godolphin family obtained a grant of them, and, encouraged by Queen Elizabeth, Sir Francis Godolphin built a number of forts commanding the entrances to the roadstead, and Star Castle upon the Hugh. The Godolphin family continued to hold the islands at a rent which rose from £10 to £40 a year, until 1831, when the Duke of Leeds, the representative of the family, refused to renew the lease. In 1834 Augustus Smith of Ashlyn, Herts, leased the islands from William IV, built the residence known as Tresco Abbey, and by wise measures promoted the prosperity of his tenants. He was succeeded by a nephew who took the name of Dorrien-Smith, made Tresco Abbey his home and the welfare of the islands his chief concern. In 1918 he was succeeded by his son, who in 1920 surrendered all the large islands except Tresco in order that certain building and other improvements might be carried out by the Duchy of Cornwall. The present owner, who succeeded in 1955, is Lieut.-Commander T. M. Dorrien-Smith.

Scilly played its part in the troubles of 1642-6, being held for the King until, in 1651, Ascue and Blake reduced the garrison to submission. Cannon-balls fired during the assault at Tresco, and since dug up, are to be seen in the gardens there. Prince Charles, it may be remembered, sheltered in Star Castle awhile after his flight from Pendennis Castle, Falmouth. During the

wars of the eighteenth century, the islanders earned a fair livelihood as pilots and by supplying provisions to the merchant fleets anchored in the roads, wind-bound, or waiting convoy up-channel.

The Birth of the Flower Industry

In 1828 the islanders were faced with starvation. The Lords of the Isles had never encouraged their people, the stewards had fleeced the farmers, and industry was absolutely stagnant. Even smuggling failed, stamped out by a vigorous preventive service. With Government aid, a fishing company was started. But the islanders have never taken kindly to fishing, and the enterprise failed. Later, a portion of them prospered by building small vessels and engaging in the Mediterranean trade. The industry was still developing when the advent of iron steamships crushed out wood shipbuilders. Indirectly also this ruined Scilly as a port of call.

Contemporaneous with the shipbuilding were Scilly's palmy days as a producer of early potatoes, but the market for these was captured by the Channel Islanders, and once again the Scillonians saw hard times approaching. Just at this juncture Mr. T. A. D. Smith, the Lord Proprietor, conceived the idea of sending to Covent Garden a box of the Scilly White Narcissi, which are indigenous to the archipelago. The price received set the people growing narcissi and their culture is now the staple industry of the Isles.

Flower Culture

Everything is sacrificed to the bulbs. Nearly all the available acreage is occupied, and the islanders have become considerable exporters of bulbs. Millions of bunches of lovely blooms are sent to the English markets between the months of November and April.

Some idea of the enormous output of spring flowers may be gathered from the fact that a season's export in a good year amounts to something like twelve hundred tons, representing about 60 million flowers. It sometimes happens that the hold of the steamer cannot contain all the packages and the saloon has to be used and every other available space filled up. To extend

the season, stocks, freesias, iris, anemones and violets are also grown for market.

This wonderful development of a lucrative business is due in a large measure, of course, to the enterprise of the islanders, but their efforts would have been futile but for the genial climate which the Islands enjoy through being continually bathed by warm currents set in motion by the expansion of equatorial waters under tropical heat. During ten years the average heat in summer was 57° F., the average winter temperature being 49°. Ice and snow are almost unknown.

Life on the Scillies

There seems to be a curious lack of tradition among the Scillonians, although each island has produced families with definite characteristics and clans bearing the same surnames. There is, of course, intermarriage between the islands, yet about a quarter of the population of St. Agnes are called *Hicks*; *Jenkins* preponderate in Bryher, and *Bonds* in St. Martin's. St. Mary's is more cosmopolitan, though there are large numbers of *Philips*, *Hicks* and *Jenkins*. Except for a resemblance to Cornish, there is no very marked dialect. Scillonians are characterized by their courtesy, independence and a leisurely attitude to life. There are practically no commercial undertakings apart from the flower industry and catering for visitors. Little attention is paid to fishing and there are now no sheep on the islands. A small pedigree Guernsey herd is maintained, and cream and butter produced. Practically everything, even fish, is imported from Penzance. The transport naturally adds to the cost of the goods, but until 1954, the higher prices were offset by the fact that no income tax was levied on the Scillonians. With the prospect of dearer living ahead, some islanders forecast that the inhabitants of the smaller islands may transfer to the mainland.

What is there to see or to do? Although the bulb season officially ends in May, the islands display a profusion of flowers throughout the year. The bulb fields, so like chequer boards when viewed from the air, are sheltered from the strong Atlantic gales by hedges of euonymus, escalonia, veronica and pitto-sporum. Because of the wind, houses are low built and trees

ST. MARY'S

are few, thus affording uninterrupted views of masses of golden gorse, purple heather or sea-pink. Granite boulders are lightened by grey and yellow lichen. In their seasons, bluebells, foxgloves, aloes, poppies, marigolds, sea-holly, bugloss vetch, mullein and bracken delight the eye. Mesembryanthemums present a riot of brilliant greens and purples. Walking is an endless delight among such a feast of colour. Many happy hours can be spent by the bird watcher, observing the numerous sea-birds which visit or breed in the rocks and islands between April and September. Annet is a bird sanctuary and permission must be obtained to visit. But all around the island shores a wonderful variety of birds can be seen . . . gulls, petrels, waders, auks and cormorants. The commonest is the great black-backed gull. This huge white bird with its long black wings and rapacious yellow and red beak, preys on the puffins and shearwaters. Of the cormorants, the shag is the most numerous, and may be recognized by its long swan-like neck and frequent dives. To the shallower water, come the ringed plover and the graceful oyster-catcher—its red bill contrasting vividly with its black and white plumage. Kittiwakes, terns, razorbills, sandpipers and sanderlings are among others which the keen bird watcher will identify.

For the energetic, bathing and swimming can be safely enjoyed off all the islands, except at the two marked danger points—one between Toll's Island and St. Mary's, and the other between the "Gugh" and St. Agnes. For those who delight in boating and exploring, several launches ply between the islands and rocks, and land visitors. There are sailing boats, and although there is little organized fishing, boats may be hired for mackerel and pollack. Wrasse and other fish may be caught from the rocks with rod and line. At low tide, rock pools are revealed, and shrimps, crabs, sea anemones and seaweed may be collected.

ST. MARY'S

If time presses, a tolerably diligent walker can inspect St. Mary's in one day. Its greatest length is two-and-a-half miles; width, a mile-and-a-half; circumference, nine miles. Visitors are informed that cars are hardly necessary. A local bus does a tour of the island. Taxis or the town carrier convey luggage to and

from the quay. The population is about 1,430. There are two main land masses linked by a low sandy isthmus across which is built **Hugh Town**, the "capital".

The smaller mass of land is **Garrison Hill**. An excellent road runs round it, for the greater part of the way following the line of the fortification wall. Of the 50 guns formerly to be found in the 18 batteries, only 2 remain, the archipelago being no longer fortified.

Passing under the massive gateway, and ascending to the crest on which Star Castle stands, one may pass the entire archipelago under review, and for grouping and colour the picture is difficult to beat. To the right is Peninnis Head; below, the Pool, dotted with tiny yachts, and beyond the main land mass of St. Mary's. St. Martin's curves behind the line of St. Mary's and between it and the gleaming sands of Tresco, the white tower of Round Island raises itself against the sky-line. Bryher and crater-like Samson next occur, and then the eye passes across the waste of Broad Sound to the treacherous western rocks, where so many fine ships have foundered. Maybe the sun gleams in them, and the ocean is at rest. But often they are set in a boiling cauldron of frothing sea, and the stately lighthouse on the Bishop Rock, 6 miles away, is hidden in spume. That low, long island with the five curious rocks at one end—the Haycocks—is Annet (Little Agnes), and the larger land mass is Agnes, the isle of legend and mystery.

Star Castle owes its name to its form, an eight-pointed star, surrounded by a dry moat. Over the door is the date 1593, E.R. (Elizabeth Regina). It is an interesting building with wide ramparts, fine rooms and fireplaces and a Jacobean staircase. It has been used as a prison and a stronghold of privateers and Royalists. Charles II sought refuge there for six weeks. In the days of military occupation the castle was the residence of the Governor. It is now a hotel. The walk round Garrison Hill or "The Hugh" (Hoe) as it is often named, affords splendid views of the whole archipelago. On a clear night eight lights—the Lizard, Pendeen near St. Just, Peninnis, the Bishop, Round Island, Seven Stones, Longships, and Wolf—may be seen from this point.

Unhappily there is need to supplement the warning lights by

lifeboats. It was not until 1874 that the Isles of Scilly had one. The present boat, stationed at St. Mary's, came into service in 1956.

The **Parish Church**, at the head of the town, was built in 1834 to take the place of the parish church at **Old Town**, formerly the chief town, now but a hamlet, on a bay near the centre of the south coast. Only the nave of the church remains. It was restored in 1891 and is used for occasional services on summer evenings. All that it contains of interest are a few tablets and a Norman arch. The **Churchyard** is melancholy but interesting. *Dracaenas*, palms, aloes and other trees and shrubs flourish among the sad monuments to the victims of many shipwrecks.



From Hugh Town to **Peninnis**, "end of the island", the chief show-place, one may go by a path which skirts Porth Cressa, or by a path which ascends **Buzza Hill** and passes **King Edward's Tower**, a disused windmill converted into a view point with seats to commemorate King Edward VII's visit in 1902. South-east of the Tower is the **Hospital**.

Upon the piled-up granite mass called Peninnis the Trinity House authorities erected in 1911 a lighthouse—an automatic, unwatched one—to take the place of the lighthouse on St. Agnes. The structure is of iron, 45 feet high. There is a white flash every 20 seconds (flash $\frac{1}{2}$ second, eclipse $19\frac{1}{2}$ seconds). The light is visible for sixteen miles.

Below the lighthouse is a rock called from its shape the **Monk's Cowl**, and to the left of this, as one approaches from Buzza Hill, is a **Logan Rock**, computed to weigh 310 tons, which can be rocked by two or three persons. Another notable rock named from its shape is the **Tooth Rock**, standing apart, and over 30 feet high. Beneath it is a cavern called **Pitt's Parlour**. The **Pulpit Rock** is so named from its likeness to the sounding board of a pulpit. Here are rocks nearly 50 feet long and about 12 feet wide.

Northward of the Pulpit Rock is **Old Town Bay**, having at its head the old church. From the Old Town one can walk along

the coast eastward to **Giant's Castle**, the only cliff castle in the archipelago. It forms the western horn of Porth Hellick, the "bay of willows" (where Sir Cloudesley Shovel's body drifted ashore), and may be easily recognized as the highest point of the down overlooking the sea. Opposite, across the bay, are the *Clapper Rocks*, and behind, to the north, *Clapper Down*, the site of some dozen barrows called by the islanders giants' graves. Their sides and ends are of small stones, and the tops are covered by granite slabs.

Almost in the centre of the island is **Holy Vale**, or La Val. It is said a convent once occupied the site, where now are a number of farms. Here trees grow in great luxuriance, though they do not flourish elsewhere on this isle, and flowers bloom in December.

Antiquities

St. Mary's offers a rich field to the archæologist. Of the seven ancient monuments in the Isles of Scilly, which are now in the care of the Ministry of Works, three are in St. Mary's. These are the prehistoric burial chambers of Bant's Carn with its adjoining ancient village site, Innisidgen, and Porth Hellick.

Situated to the north of the Coastguard Station is **Bant's Carn**. This entrance grave is a fine tomb, possibly dating from 2000 B.C. built into a forty-foot-wide burial mound. The burial chamber consists of large upright stones covered by three capstones. Cremated bones and potsherds have been found within. Nearby is the site of an ancient village. It consisted of circles of round and oval huts and was probably built about the second or third century A.D.

A mile or so to the east is the smaller mound of **Innisidgen**. This burial chamber is high, has five capstones and is quite well preserved.

On **Porth Hellick Down**, east of Old Town, are five more tombs, but four are in a state of decay. The fifth is the best preserved of all the island tombs. Signposts clearly indicate the footpaths leading to all three burial chambers.

Many other barrows and burial chambers exist in the islands and await research and excavation. The high proportion found on the Scillies has led some writers to refer to them as "Isles of

TRESCO

the Dead" and to theorize that chieftains from the mainland may have been conveyed there for burial. There is, however, no evidence for this.

Of later date, possibly thirteenth or fourteenth century, are the **Old Castle Walls** at Old Town. These are all that remain of the Castle of Ennor, which was the residence of the Constable of the Isles in 1300.

A little to the north of Hugh Town, visitors may be intrigued by the signpost "**To Harry's Walls**", but the walls have no connection with King Henry VIII, as they were not erected until 1593. Now scheduled as an Ancient Monument, they are the remains of a fort and blockhouse, constructed to protect and command, with Star Castle, the harbour of St. Mary's. A complete plan of the fortress is preserved at Hatfield House in Hertfordshire.

TRESCO

Approach.—There is in summer a regular launch service several times a day from St. Mary's to Treseo, and, when the tide permits, to Bryher or Samson as well, if desired.

Tresco, the second largest island, lies two miles north-west of St. Mary's. It is privately leased from the Duchy of Cornwall and its truly wonderful **Abbey Gardens** are world famous. The gardens are open daily (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 4. An admission fee is now charged towards the heavy cost of maintenance. The garden, which was started as a private one by the Lord Proprietor of the island, Augustus Smith, has been developed and enlarged by his successors. Tresco Abbey Gardens now contain a most unusual and interesting collection of plants, which attract botanists and garden lovers from all parts of the world. In spite of the fierce Atlantic gales, the heavy salt-laden air and the frequent droughts, the mild climate, the skill, foresight and labour in erecting wind-break hedges and sheltering trees have resulted in an almost tropical paradise, glowing with flowers, shrubs and unusual fruits. Here are seen citrons, bananas, prickly pear, bamboos, cedars, eucalyptus, cinnamon, mimosa, ferns, palms, and masses of colourful mesembryanthemums, echium, and belladonna lilies, and hundreds of other varieties.

Boats usually land visitors at **Carn Near Quay**. From here there is a well-defined path over the dunes and through a wood to the Gardens. At the entrance is a corridor, known as "Val-halla" where are displayed figure-heads from many of the ships wrecked on the Scillies. A guide-book to the Gardens is available and there are direction posts. Within the Gardens are interesting relics—a Roman altar, a fifth-century early-Christian tombstone, three early-Christian graves and the scanty ruins of the Abbey of St. Nicholas, a thirteenth-century monastery.

From the gardens the road is followed northward between Freshwater Pond and the west coast, in the centre of which is the Bay of New Grimsby. Here a road runs off to the right to **Dolphin's Town**, with the modern church of St. Nicholas and, to the east, the old **Block House**, which once had a battery of small guns to protect the channel and harbour of Old Grimsby. In spite of its name Dolphin's Town is but a small village, for the whole population of the island is only slightly over 200.

The road along the western side is the one to follow in order to pass Hangman's Island (from the Cornish *An Maen*, "The Rock"), and to arrive at **Cromwell's Castle**, which was built during the Protectorate. It fronts the seaward entrance to New Grimsby, and is in excellent preservation. **Charles's Castle**, on the hill above, has only a few sections of wall remaining and was doubtless demolished to provide material for the other.

Beyond the castles is **Piper's Hole**, a somewhat narrow passage which runs underground for about 200 yards. It is the legendary home of mermaids and was possibly a former haunt of smugglers. One has to scramble down to the hole and through the boulder-strewn tunnel, finally reaching a cavern; the expedition is not recommended except for the agile. Torches or candles should be taken, and if the farthest recesses beyond the four-feet deep lake are to be explored, a float or raft will be found useful. The distance from the entrance is about a hundred yards.

The long island seen about half-a-mile westward when passing along the west coast of Tresco is—

Bryher,

a very pleasant island on which to stay and worth visiting on

account of the views of rock and sea to be obtained in a walk round its shores (3 miles), particularly to the west and north. From **Watch Hill**, the highest point, one of the finest views in the whole of the Islands is obtainable, and a more general idea is gathered of their character and extent than from any other look-out. The northern rocks, Maiden Bower, Scilly, Mincarlo, and the rest, form a most picturesque setting, and with the New Grimsby channel, which runs between, make a grand and beautiful picture. There are several springs and wells on this island. A spring in Hell Bay upon which the sun never shines had repute, as a cure for wounds and sores. Of two others it is noted that one becomes dry, and the other nearly so, at neap tides, pointing to some connection with the sea. **Shipman Head** is a notable rock, separated from the isle by a deep chasm. **Hell Bay**, aptly named when fierce gales are lashing the foamy billows around it, is just to the south-east. **Rushy Bay**, on the south, is a pleasant sandy spot, favoured by picnickers. The motor launches can often be rejoined from the west side of this bay.

The population of the island is about 80.

To the south of Bryher is—

Samson,

the largest uninhabited island of the archipelago, but there are remains of former dwellings and traces of gardens and cultivated patches, including Holy Farm, the home of the Armored of Besant's delightful novel, *Armored of Lyonesse*, which gives a correct geographical description of the islands. On the northernmost of Samson's two hills are a fine kistvaen and barrows.

South and west of Bryher and Samson are—

The Northern Rocks

These comprise **Scilly**, **Gweal** (thought by some to have been mined), **Maiden Bower**, **Black Rock**, **Seal Rock**, **Illiswilgig**, **Castle Bryher**, **Mincarlo**, **Minalto**—all stern and forbidding; each rising stark from the sea and each has taken its toll of ships and lives. These rocky islets are a fearsome sight when battling with the fury of a winter gale, but pleasant enough to cruise among on a calm day.

South of this group and stretching towards the south-west from St. Mary's are—

THE WESTERN ISLES,

which extend their sharp, ragged fangs six miles into the Atlantic, to where the Bishop Lighthouse rears its head. The dominant island is—

St. Agnes,

the southernmost of the inhabited islands. Its population numbers between 60 and 70. Ugly stories used to be current of false lights and wrecking, and of still darker deeds. It is even insinuated by old writers that the coal fire on top of the lighthouse tower built in 1680 was often put out in order that mariners might be deluded and brought ashore. But within modern times, at any rate, St. Agnes has held an honourable record for life-saving under perilous circumstances. Like St. Mary's, the main island has a smaller mass, the **Gugh**, united at low tide by a slender sand-bar. On the Gugh are many sepulchral barrows and on Kittern Hill a menhir known as the Old Man of Gugh. Near the southern end of the eastern side of St. Agnes is **Beady Pool**, so called from the beads which strewed its shores after the wreck of a vessel bound for the coast of Africa. The wreck took place two centuries ago, but a bead is still occasionally found among the rocks on either side of the sands.

On the Downs west of Beady Pool is the *Punch Bowl*, a huge boulder of granite, 9 feet high, containing a rock basin some 3 feet deep. It is perched on a boulder 11 feet high and 50 feet in circumference. A ladder is needed for inspecting the bowl.

St. Warna's Bay, on the south coast, is said to have been the landing-place of St. Warna, who came as a missionary from Ireland. In the south-east farther angle, near a cairn, is her *Well*, now dried up. Just above it was her hermitage. On the hill above St. Warna's Bay are two upright rocks standing close together, called *Adam and Eve* and sometimes *The Brothers*. Not far from them is a curious rock called the *Nag's Head*.

In the south-west of the island also is **Troy Town**, where there is a maze, some three centuries old, set out in pebbles on the face

of the Downs. It is reached via a lane by the coastguards' houses and through the field to the farm gate.

The *Church* at Lower Town, on the west side, is a nineteenth-century structure, which superseded one built in 1685. The lighthouse (superseded in 1911 by the iron structure on Peninnis Head, St. Mary's) is a day-mark for sailors. It was built in 1680. The source of light was coal burned in the iron cresset preserved in the Abbey Gardens, Tresco (*see* p. 120).

Smith Sound separates St. Agnes from the island of—

Annet,

the chief accessible haunt of sea-birds, especially puffins. It is most interesting in the spring, when millions of sea-birds breed—nests, eggs, young birds, lie round in profusion. The puffins burrow their nests under the mounds of sea pinks, which grow freely and of great size. Visitors treading on the soft green turf find that it suddenly gives way and they are ankle-deep in a sea-bird's nest. Small groups may visit the island by permission, except during the nesting season. A visit to the island at sunset, when the sea-birds are returning in immense flocks, is a unique and delightful experience. The shooting of protected sea-birds is forbidden throughout the Islands.

The Western Rocks

Joined to Annet on the south by a series of rocks and sunken ledges, is **Meledgen**, half-a-mile in circumference. Then across Gorregan Neck is another parallel of rocks and islets. It is interesting to note that the Islands have strongly defined lines indicating the waves of volcanic energy. Gorregan, Rosevean, Jackys and the Crebawethans are all parts of an outer wave or range of granite hills, and, lying like a breakwater across a wide area, have caught and crushed innumerable ships, and drowned many sailors. The Gilstone reef, upon which Sir Cloudesley Shovel's vessel struck in 1707, is west of Rosevean; Sir Cloudesley Shovel and 2,000 others with him were drowned. It was upon the **Retarrier Ledges**, a mile to the west of Rosevean, that the German liner *Schiller* from New York struck during a fog, on May 8, 1875, and three hundred persons were drowned. The

Bishop is one of the outer ledges. A first attempt to build a lighthouse here was made in 1849, but just as the iron structure was completed, in February, 1850, a great storm arose, and when it abated not a vestige of the tower remained. Then it was determined to construct with stone. That tower withstood the elements, but in 1885 it was encased in granite, and its height increased by 30 feet. The double-flashing light throws (every 15 seconds) a beam equal to one million candle-power and is visible eighteen miles. The explosive fog signal, discharged every five minutes in thick weather, has proved effectual in preventing wrecks, which invariably occurred when fog settled for three or four days upon the Isles.

On the opposite side of the archipelago are the **Eastern Isles**, with—

St. Martin's

as the dominant island of the group. It has a circumference of six miles, and suffers from a sand-drift, which has covered fertile land from time to time. The inhabitants are thrifty and number about a hundred and twenty, divided among three towns, distinguished as Higher, Middle and Lower. The **Day Mark** is a tower built for the benefit of mariners in 1683 (not 1637 as inscribed). As it is 38 feet high and stands on a headland 160 feet above sea-level, the highest point in the archipelago, there is a magnificent view. **Top Rock Cairn**, on the north coast, owes much of its impressiveness to a thunderbolt which in 1751 splintered its crown. In 1948 **Knackyboy Cairn** was excavated and yielded a vast quantity of Bronze Age pottery. The burial chamber probably dates from 1200 B.C. Joined to St. Martin's by a stony isthmus at low tide is **White Island**, the most northerly of the isles.

Between St. Martin's and Tresco lie **St. Helen's**, **Northwethel** and **Teau**, passed in the boat going to **Round Island**, which, because of its lighthouse, is one of the show-places of Scilly. This Island is a solid mass of granite, 137 feet high, formerly inaccessible. The Trinity Brethren had steps cut out of the rock, and up these visitors must go to reach the lighthouse, a circular white tower, 63 feet high. The light gives a *red* flash every thirty

THE ISLES OF SCILLY

seconds, visible nineteen miles. A fog-siren gives four 3-second blasts every two minutes, and the island also has an automatic wireless direction-finding instrument.

St. Helen's is another towering mass of granite, with bracken-clothed flanks. Picnic parties frequent it during the summer. On the island are the remains of a church which Dr. Borlase considered to be the oldest in Scilly. "St. Helen" is said to be a corruption of St. Lides, better known as Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff in the sixth century, said to have been buried in Scilly. **Mena-vawr**, commonly called Man-of-War, north-west of St. Helen's, has triple peaks which tower to a height of 142 feet and from a distance have the appearance of a ship in full sail.

Tean, the island immediately to the east of St. Martin's, is accessible to visitors. Although it is uninhabited, cattle are grazed here. Once Tean was the centre of a flourishing kelp-burning industry, and remains of kelp kilns can still be seen. More barrows and tombs have been discovered here and Bronze and Iron Age relics unearthed.

THE EASTERN ISLANDS

lie between St. Martin's and St. Mary's, and are favourite resorts for picnic parties, especially Arthur, pronounced "Arter", one of the most charming of the archipelago.



INDEX

Where more than one reference is given, the first is the principal.

- AIRE POINT**, 91
Annet Island, 124
Armed Knight, 86, 95
Asparagus Island, 103

BEADY POOL, 123
Bessie's Cove, 67
Bishop Rock, The, 125
Bo Cowloe, 92
Bojewyan, 89
Boleigh, 83
Boscawell, 89
Boscawen Point, 84
Boscawen-Un, 76
Bosigran, 41
Botallack, 90
Brisons, The, 90
Bryher, 121
Bus Services, 6

CADGWITH, 105
Camping, 9
Cape Cornwall, 90
Caravanning, 9
Carbis Bay, 32-3
Carn Creis, 85
Carn Evall, 86
Carn Galva, 75
Carn Glouse, 90
Carn Greagle, 91
Carn Greeb, 86
Carn Kenidjack, 91
Carn Voel, 86
Castle-an-Dinas, 69
Castle Horneck, 75
Castle Kayle, 42
Church Cove, 105
Chysauster, 69
Clodgy Point, 35
Coach Routes, 6
Cornish Ferns, 18-19
Cornish Language, The, 20-1
Coverack, 106
Cowloe, 92
Cribba Head, 84

DAVY, SIR HUMPHRY, 52

Devil's Frying Pan, 106
Ding Dong Mine, 74
Dolcoath Mine, 16
Dollar Hugo Cavern, 106
Dolphin's Town, 121
Drift, 76
Dr. Syntax's Head, 95

ENYS DODMAN, 86, 95

FLOWER CULTURE, SCILLY, 114

GAMPER BAY, 92
Geology, 17-18
Giants' Rock, Zennor, 39
Godrevy Point, 43
Goonhilly Downs, 99
Gugh, The, 123
Gull Rock, 103
Gulval, 69
Gunwalloe, 105
Gurnard's Head, 38-42
Gweek, 109
Gwelas, 86
Gwithian, 43, 44

HALZAPHRON, 105
Hayle Towns, 43
Heamoor, 72
Helford, 107
Hell Bay, 122
Hotels, 9-11
Housel Bay, 101
Hugh Town, 117

IRISH LADY, 95

KEMYELL, 82
Kenidjack Castle, 90
Kennack Sands, 106
Kettle Bottom, 95
Kitchen, The, Cave, 103
Knill Monument, 34
Kynance Cove, 102

LAMORNA, 81-3
Landewednack, 101

Land's End, 93-8
Routes, 7
Lanyon Quoit, 73
Lelant, 35-7
Levant Mine, 90
Lion's Den, 101
Little Bo, 92
Lizard Lighthouse, 100
Lizard, The, 99-109
Logan Rocks, 83-9, 38
Logging Lady, 84
Longships Lighthouse, 94
Longstone Downs, 43
Ludgvan, 70

MADRON, 72-3
Manaccan, 107
Manacle Rocks, 107
Marazion, 62
Mawgan, 108
Meledgen, 124
Mên-an-Tol, 75
Menavawr, 126
Mên Scryfa, 75
Merry Maidens, 83
Merthen Point, 84
Minack Theatre, 88
Mining, Cornish, 16-17
Morvah, 41
Mount's Bay, 62
Mousehole, 78
Mulfra Quoit, 75
Mullion, 104

NANJIZAL, 86
Newlyn, 58-61
Nine Maidens, 74
Northwethel, 12

PAUL, 80-1
Pedn-mên-du, 92
Penberth Cove, 84
Pendeen, 89
Pendower Cove, 86
Pengersick Castle, 68
Peninnis Head, 118
Penlee Point, 79
Pentreath, Dolly, 80, 20

INDEX

- Penzance, 45-57
 Alexandra Sports Ground, 55
 Angling, 45
 Bathing, 46
 Bathing Pool, 56, 46
 Battery Rocks, 56
 Boating, 46
 Bowls, 46
 Bus Services, 46
 Car Parks, 47, 53
 Churches, 47, 57
 Clubs, 47, 55
 Cricket, 47
 Distances, 48
 Early Closing, 47
 Entertainments, 47-8
 Golf, 48
 Guildhall, 53
 Harbour, 56
 History, 50-2
 Libraries, 48, 54
 Market House, 52
 Market Jew Street, 52
 Morrab Gardens, 54
 Municipal Buildings, 53
 Museums, 48, 53, 55
 Newspapers, 48
 Parish Church, 57
 Pavilion Theatre, 55
 Penlee Park, 54
 Population, 49
 Postal Information, 49
 Promenade, 55
 Richard Foster Bolitho Gardens, 55
 St. Anthony Gardens, 55
 St. John's Hall, 53
 Sea Front, 55
 Tennis, 49
 War Memorial, 56
 Perranuthnoe, 66
 Phillack, 43
 Pipers, The (Boleigh), 83
 Piper's Hole, 121
 Pixies' Cove, 67
 Place-names, 21
 Plane an Gwarry, 91
 Poldhu Cove, 104
 Polpeor Cove, 101
 Poltesco, 106
 Polurrian Cove, 104
 Pordenack Point, 86
 Porth Chapel, 87
 Porthcurno, 88
 Portheras, 89
 Porthgwarra, 87
 Porthledden Bay, 90
 Porthmeor, 41
 Port Navas, 108
 Prah Sands, 68
 Priest Cove, 90
 Prussia Cove, 67
 RAILWAY ROUTES, 5
 Retarrier Ledges, 124
 Road Routes, 6-9
 Rosemergy, 41
 Rosewall Hill, 38
 Round Island, 125
 ST. AGNES (SCILLY), 123
 St. Anthony, 107
 St. Buryan, 77
 St. Clement's Isle, 79
 St. Erth, 42
 St. Helen's Isle, 126, 125
 St. Hilary, 67
 St. Ives, 23-31
 Approach, 23
 Bathing, 23
 Boating, 23
 Bowls, 23
 Buses, 23
 Car Parks, 23-4
 Church, 27
 Digey, The, 29
 Distances, 24
 Entertainments, 24
 Excursions, 24
 Fore Street, 29
 Golf, 24
 Harbour, 28
 History, 30-1
 Huer's House, 33
 Island, The, 30
 Knill Monument, 34
 Places of Worship, 25
 St. Ives (*continued*)—
 Porthmeor Beach, 30
 Porthminster Beach, 26
 Post Office, 25, 27
 St. Nicholas Chapel, 30
 Tennis, 25
 St. Just, 91
 St. Keverne, 107
 St. Levan Churchtown, 88
 St. Loy's Cove, 84
 St. Martin's, 125
 St. Mary's, 116
 St. Michael's Mount, 63
 St. Warna's Bay, 123
 Samson, 122
 Sancreed, 76
 Scilly Isles, 110-126
 Sennen, 95
 Sennen Cove, 96, 92
 Sharks' Fin, 92, 95
 Spire, The, 95
 Star Castle, 117
 Steeple Rock, 103
 TEAN, 126
 Tol-pedn-Penwith, 86
 Towednack, 38
 Trebah, 108
 Treen, 85
 Tregonebris, 76
 Trencrom Hill, 37, 43
 Trendrine Hill, 38
 Trengwainton Carn, 73
 Trereife, 75
 Treryn Dinas, 84, 88
 Tresco, 120
 Trevaylor, 71
 Trewellard, 89
 Trewinnard, 42
 Troy Town, 123
 VAU, The, 89
 WHEAL OWLES, 90
 Whitesand Bay, 91
 Wolf Lighthouse, 94
 ZAWN RUDH, 86
 Zennor, 38-40

MADE IN ENGLAND

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY EBENEZER BAYLIS AND SON, LTD.,
 THE TRINITY PRESS, WORCESTER AND LONDON

What
do you
expect
from your
bank?



Security for your money, of course . . . the ability to make payments by cheque . . . advice when you need it . . . yes. But when you bank with the Westminster you become entitled to many more services than these. Did you know, for example, that the Westminster can make your money available to you almost anywhere in the world; that it will pay regularly-recurring items for you automatically; that it can obtain for its customers expert advice in matters of investment and foreign trade; that it will act as your Executor or Trustee. Your account at the Westminster Bank is the key to all these services—and that is a convincing reason why . . .

You should bank with the

WESTMINSTER

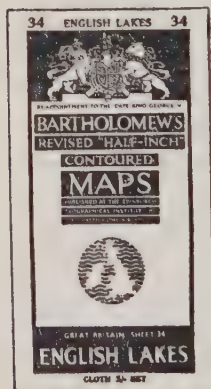
LAW FIRE

INSURANCE SOCIETY
LTD.

114, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Telephone No. HOLborn 0241

ALL CLASSES
OF
FIRE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE



BARTHOLOMEW'S HALF-INCH MAPS

A Half-Inch map is the ideal companion for use with this guide. The series covers the whole of Great Britain and gives all the information required when touring.

FROM BOOKSELLERS

A detailed catalogue will be sent free on request.

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW & SON LTD.

12 Duncan Street, Edinburgh 9



Incorporated by

Royal Charter

A.D. 1720

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

"Very good people to deal with"

FOR ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE

LIFE • FIRE • ACCIDENT • MARINE

Marine Dept: 157 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

Head Office: 1 KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Get the most
from your holiday
with a

RED GUIDE

Ward Lock's Red Guides
cover all the favourite holiday resorts.

From all booksellers, 7/6 each

**WARD LOCK'S
TOURIST GUIDES**

**Cloth Bound Illustrated
Editions
With Maps and Plans**

**BRITTANY
PARIS
THE RIVIERA
SWITZERLAND
COMPLETE SCOTLAND
LAKE DISTRICT
(Baddeley)
LONDON
(De Luxe Edition)**

From your Bookseller

THE BRITISH ISLES

Aberystwyth
Anglesey and North Wales
Bangor, etc.
Barmouth, etc.
Barnstaple and N.W. Devon
Bath, Wells, etc.
Betws-y-Coed, Snowdon, etc.
Bexhill and District
Bideford, Westward Ho!, etc.
Bognor and S.W. Sussex
Bournemouth and District
Bridlington and District
Bridport, West Bay, etc.
Brighton and Hove
Broads, The
Broadstairs and N.E. Kent
Bude and North Cornwall
Budleigh Salterton, etc.
Buxton and Peak District

Caernarvon and North Wales
Cambridge and District
Canterbury and N.E. Kent
Cardiff and South Wales
Channel Islands
Cheltenham and District
Chichester and S.W. Sussex
Clacton, Walton, etc.
Clevedon and District
Colchester and District
Colwyn Bay
Conway, Deganwy, etc.
Cornwall: North
Cornwall: South
Cornwall: West
Cotswolds, The
Criccieth and Cardigan Bay
Cromer and District

Dartmoor
Dartmouth and S. Devon
Dawlish and S.E. Devon
Deal, Walmer, etc.
Dover, St. Margaret's Bay, etc.

Eastbourne, Seaford, etc.
East Dorset Coast
East Sussex Coast
Exeter and S.E. Devon
Exmoor and Doone Country
Exmouth and District
Falmouth and S. Cornwall
Felixstowe and District
Filey and District
Folkestone, Sandgate, etc.
Fowey and South Cornwall
Harrogate and District
Hastings, St. Leonards, etc.
Hereford and Wye Valley
Herne Bay, Whitstable, etc.
Hythe, Littlestone, etc.

Ilfracombe and N. Devon
Ipswich and District
Isle of Man
Isle of Wight
Kent, North-East
Kent, South-East
Lake District, The
Leamington, Warwick, etc.
Littlehampton & S.W. Sussex
Liverpool, Birkenhead, etc.
Llandrindod Wells, etc.
Llandudno and N. Wales
Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, etc.
London
Looe and South Cornwall
Lowestoft and District
Lyme Regis and District
Lynton and Lynmouth

Margate and N.E. Kent
Matlock, Dovedale, etc.
Minehead, Exmoor, etc.
Newcastle upon Tyne
New Forest, The
Newquay and N. Cornwall
Norfolk, North

Northumberland Coast
Norwich and the Broads
Oxford and District
Paignton and S. Devon
Peak District
Penmaenmawr, N. Wales
Penzance and W. Cornwall
Pwllheli and Cardigan Bay
Ramsgate, Sandwich, etc.
Rhyl and N. Wales
Ripon and District

St. Ives and W. Cornwall
Salcombe, Kingsbridge, etc.
Scarborough and District
Seaford, Newhaven, etc.
Seaton and District
Sheringham, Runton, etc.
Sidmouth and S.E. Devon
Southampton and District
Southport and District
Stratford upon Avon
Swanage, Corfe, etc.

Teignmouth and S.E. Devon
Tenby and South Wales
Thames, The
Torquay and District
Townyn, Aberdovey, etc.

Wales, N. (Northern Section)
Wales, N. (Southern Section)
Wales, South
Warwick, Kenilworth, etc.
Wells, Glastonbury, etc.
Weston-super-Mare and District

Weymouth and District
Whitby and District
Worthing and S.W. Sussex
Wye Valley
Yarmouth and the Broads
Yorkshire Coast, The
Yorkshire Dales, The

Aberdeen, Deeside, etc.
Edinburgh and District
Glasgow and the Clyde

Highlands, The
Inverness, Strathpeffer, etc.
Northern Scotland

Oban, Fort William, etc.
Western Scotland

NORTHERN IRELAND AND EIRE

Belfast, Antrim, etc.
Cork, Glengarriff, etc.

Dublin and Co. Wicklow
Killarney and S.W. Ireland

Northern Ireland

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED

KS-489-220